

The TATLER

and BYSTANDER

Vol. CLXV. No. 2141

London
July 8, 1942



REGISTERED AS A
NEWSPAPER FOR
TRANSMISSION
IN THE
UNITED KINGDOM

JAEGER

GO TO YOUR NEAREST JAEGER AGENT
or write to JAEGER, 204 Regent Street, London, for nearest address

McVITIE & PRICE

Biscuits of Highest Quality

OTARD'S BRANDY

Famous Since 1795

*Where to Buy
& Where to Sell
Your*



**BROOKLANDS
OF BOND STREET**

103 NEW BOND ST. W.I.
MAY 8351

LAGONDA



*destined to provide
the measure of excellence by which
the world's finest cars are judged*

LAGONDA MOTORS LIMITED STAINES MIDDLESEX

Grant's Scotch Whisky

"FAMOUS FOR HALF A CENTURY"

ENJOY MORE TEA

Change to

THE DOCTOR'S CEYLON TEA

2 oz. of The Doctor's Ceylon Tea goes much
further than 2 oz. of ordinary tea

ENJOY TEA MORE

CVS.282

*Men who know wear
Drescott Clothes*

Meet me at —
FORTNUM'S

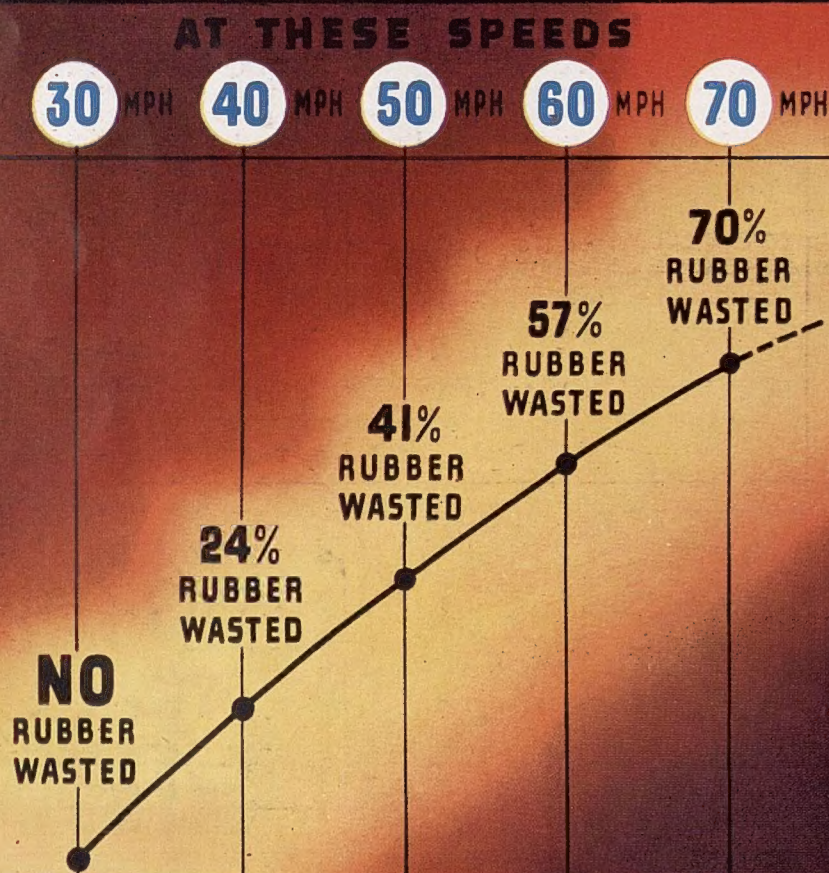
FORTNUM & MASON PICCADILLY

Tyre Economy

There is a world shortage of rubber and it is essential that tyres now in use should yield the maximum service possible.

DRIVE SLOWLY

RUBBER WASTAGE DUE TO HIGH SPEED



★ HOW SPEED WASTES RUBBER EVEN WHEN TYRES ARE INFLATED TO CORRECT PRESSURES. WEAR IS TAKEN AS NORMAL AT 30 M.P.H.

Speed eats up tyres. A car running at 50 m.p.h. uses 41% more rubber than at 30 m.p.h. and at the higher speeds there is much greater risk of tyre damage from small obstacles on the road. High maximum speeds make only a few m.p.h. difference in average speed — representing a saving of perhaps 10 seconds every mile. Speed, these days, isn't worth its cost in rubber. So, think of your tyres and **DRIVE SLOWLY.**

DUNLOP TYRES

Last Longer

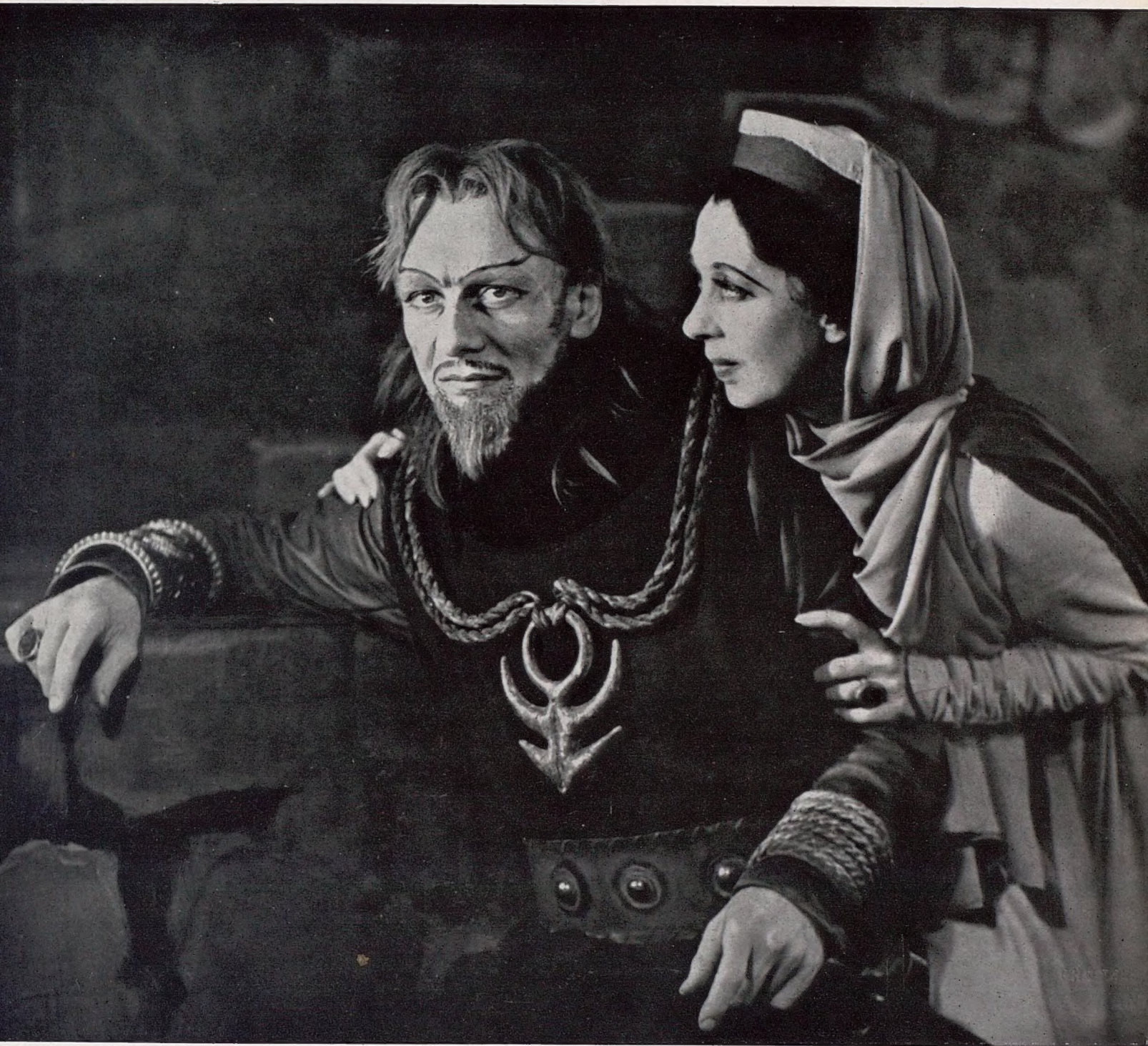
THE TATLER

and BYSTANDER

LONDON
JULY 8, 1942

Price :
One Shilling and Sixpence
Vol. CLXV. No. 2141

Postage: Inland 2d. Canada & Newfoundland 1d Foreign 1½d.



Anthony

“O, Full of Scorpions is My Mind, Dear Wife!”

After a very successful five months' tour throughout Scotland and the large provincial cities, John Gielgud has brought his production of *Macbeth* to the Piccadilly Theatre. John Gielgud plays Macbeth with Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies as Lady Macbeth. Close neighbours in Essex, their country cottages practically adjoining, John Gielgud and Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies have frequently appeared together on the London stage. In 1924, when Gielgud was only twenty, they made their first appearance together as Romeo and Juliet. Since then they have been seen in many plays including Emlyn Williams's *He Was Born Gay*, Gielgud's revival of Oscar Wilde's *The Importance of Being Earnest*, *Richard of Bordeaux* and *The Lady With the Lamp*. In 1934 Gielgud produced *Queen of Scots* in which Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies played the leading role. Since 1940 she has been in South Africa with her own theatrical company touring the Union from her head office in Pretoria. When Gielgud decided to produce *Macbeth* (which has always been one of his dearest ambitions) he cabled Gwen to come home and play Lady Macbeth. “I just couldn't get home quick enough,” she says. The entire proceeds of the second performance of *Macbeth* at the Piccadilly on July 9 are to be given to the Soho Hospital for Women which celebrates its centenary this year.



WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

Egyptian Crisis

WAR has come to Egypt, but Egypt is not at war. Cairo is the capital of Britain's struggle to preserve her influence in the Middle East, and in the last few days the threat to her safety has increased. The tale of disaster which started with a tiny reverse has grown. These have been dark days through which we have lived in a Dunkirk atmosphere. Bir Akheim. Tobruk. Mersa Matruh. Rommel has run on with lightning speed unknown even in modern days. But what is more astounding, his organisation behind the lines has kept pace with his advance. Britain is fighting for her position, not only in Egypt, but in the Mediterranean, in Palestine, Syria, Iran, Irak. Put in this way it is a grim prospect, and public opinion has seized on it. So have a few politicians. But is it as serious as all that? Have we never in our long history fought with our backs to the wall? Have we not survived many disasters? Of course we have. We have turned certain defeat into victory. We can do it again. Watch Auchinleck!

The Auk

THE battle for Egypt can be put in simple terms. It is Auchinleck versus Rommel. Rommel has rushed in, seizing every opportunity, taking all manner of risks. It has paid him. But the Auk has never lost his confidence, nor has courage deserted his troops. With determination he took over command of the Eighth Army in its crisis hour and made the battle for Egypt a personal struggle with Rommel. From the outset General Auchinleck made it clear that it was a fight to the death, a match in which cunning and courage, character and confidence, would all play their part. General Auchinleck first decided that the Cairo communiqués would give the minimum of information and that the war correspondents

would be cut down to the briefest information for transmission to London. He was clearing the decks, preparing to play Rommel at his own game. Clearly, General Auchinleck had cast aside any idea of waging positional war. He was determined to make the battle for Egypt as mobile as circumstances would permit. Thus he created the series of "battle groups" without indicating of what they consisted. The only certain thing is General Auchinleck's courage and his character. Both are important. They are the virtues that win battles, and character is the greater. General Auchinleck is a man of great character, and, therefore, we should not despair. He will not give up the fight, and the battle for Egypt and our position in the Middle East will not be lost until the last tank charge has been made.

Social Egypt

THE Egyptian Prime Minister has played his difficult political role exceptionally well, and supported the British Government. In the early days of the threat to Egypt's independence he warned his countrymen of the dangers, and urged them to be calm. He also warned those who might be traitorous, and took all the necessary steps to deal with Fifth Columnists. The people of Cairo, at least, accepted the Prime Minister's advice to calmness. They did not alter their way of life. They continued their social round, their everyday avocations, and correspondents reported that it was difficult to believe that war was so near, and that Alexandria might have to be evacuated, and Cairo declared an "open city," to protect it from the horror of German bombers.

Parliament and Politicians

THE Prime Minister wanted the opportunity to reply to the group of politicians who

thrust all consideration on one side to censure the Government's conduct of the war with the first motion of no confidence. He wanted to warn the nation with more frankness than ever before that we must fight hard to win the war. In other words, that we should keep our courage cool and clear and not give way in face of the real facts to undue optimism, nor abject pessimism. From the moment Sir John Wardlaw-Milne published the terms of his no-confidence motion Mr. Churchill's personal position was secure. In fact, Sir John Wardlaw-Milne saved the Government. The majority of members of the House of Commons rallied at once. When politicians at home and observers abroad imagined the Churchill Government was about to disintegrate it began to command greater unity than ever before. All manner of efforts were made to persuade Sir John Wardlaw-Milne not only to withdraw his motion, but to agree to the abandonment, or postponement, of the debate. But, having committed himself to the full rigours of party discipline, Sir John felt that he could not draw back. Obviously, the Conservative Party will have to discipline those members who signed the motion, whether they voted against the Government or not. There is no precedent in recent years for the tabling of a motion of no-confidence by a party member against his leader.

Political Penalties

THE penalty which Sir John Wardlaw-Milne and his Conservative supporters would normally pay is the withdrawal of the Conservative Whip. This means that Sir John would not be counted as a Government supporter, and not receive support from the Conservative machine. It does not mean, however, that he would necessarily lose the support of the Conservative Party in his constituency and his constituents. In the constituencies there has been much captious criticism of the Government. Sir John, and members of other parties, have communicated this criticism to the House of Commons. In this respect I think they have been wrong. They remind me of Lord Baldwin. In his palmy days he argued that in a democracy the people lead, not the leaders. He still gives this as his excuse for the failure of his Government to rearm the country in time to fight Hitler effectively. But surely this is wrong. The member of Parliament must know more facts and certainly more of the possibilities of any particular situation than the people in the constituencies who elect him as their representative. Surely it is he who must guide them, and not they who should lead him. Sir John Wardlaw-Milne may have felt justified in moving a vote of no-confidence in the Government because of opinion in the country. There's no doubt that he did not undertake such a great responsibility without pondering on his personal position. I have a feeling that he came to the conclusion that he must speak out regardless of all the consequences. I would not say this of some of his colleagues.

Shinwell's Surprise

PERSONALLY, I respect the attitude adopted by Mr. Emanuel Shinwell. Nobody in the House of Commons has criticised the Government more caustically than he. He's always been ahead of all the other critics, and he's

The Queen Takes a Ride in a Jeep in Northern Ireland



During their three-day visit to Ulster the King and Queen spent one day with the U.S. troops stationed there. They were accompanied by Major-General R. P. Hartle, Commanding U.S. troops in Northern Ireland. He escorted the Queen in a Jeep to watch an infantry and tank attack which took place in a glen. Their Majesties, after watching a march past, lunched in one of the ordinary messes with a hundred American soldiers



An Off Duty Moment in Cairo

Sir Miles Lampson, British Ambassador to Egypt, and Lady Lampson had Field-Marshal and Mrs. Smuts as their guests at the British Embassy in Cairo. The Field-Marshal was visiting the troops in the Middle East at the time. In the picture he is holding little Victor Lampson, who was born last September. Sir Miles Lampson has another son and two daughters by a previous marriage

never feared to speak his mind. Therefore, he caused some surprise, not only in the privacy of the Labour Party meetings, but right through the House of Commons, when he announced that he would not support any vote of no-confidence in the Government. His attitude was common sense, even elementary. He said that our first necessity is to smash the enemy, not the Government. If he had wished Mr. Shinwell could have made much political capital by using Sir John Wardlaw-Milne as his stalking-horse. He could have chastised the Government without mercy by sheltering behind a Conservative stalwart. He did no such thing. Not being able to say anything good about the Government at this time, he decided to say nothing. This may not have been politically wise; but who can doubt that Mr. Shinwell none the less showed wisdom.

Chief Whip Returns

FOR more than a fortnight Sir James Stuart, on whose shoulders rests responsibility for maintaining the Government's majority in the House of Commons, was laid aside with illness. The illness came at an awkward time, for the Prime Minister was in Washington, and as soon as he had crossed the Atlantic, signs of crisis developed in the House of Commons. The most difficult part of a Chief Whip's duties is to detect unrest in the party and to take steps to prevent it spreading. This requires good judgment and tact. Sir James Stuart possesses both these qualities. His quiet, unassuming manner hides a penetrating mind and considerable political acumen. In his absence Mr. William Whiteley, a white-haired, soft-spoken Labour member, has been Chief Whip for the Government. Mr. Whiteley is Comptroller of the Royal House-

hold, as well as being Joint Parliamentary Secretary to the Treasury, which really means that he is Joint Chief Whip.

Transatlantic Committee

FOR a railway magnate Mr. Averell Harriman is a good customer of the air lines in his own country as well as for crossing the Atlantic. I should imagine he has crossed the Atlantic as many times as any single person—excepting ferry pilots—in the last three years. He is President Roosevelt's Lease-Lend representative in this country. Apart from his acute business mind, he has qualities of great social charm. He has done a good job for Britain in organising the flow of war materials, but more so in interpreting the minds of the two nations. I believe he has done more towards laying the foundations of true Anglo-American friendship than most people. From the outset he recognised that Britain and the United States must stand together or fall separately before the thrusts of Hitlerism. Mr. Harriman had only just recovered from a mystery illness—recurrent fever—when he hopped into an aeroplane behind Mr. Churchill for the purpose of attending the Washington conferences of President Roosevelt.

Traffic Standstill

BY the edict of Mr. Geoffrey Lloyd, June 30 became a black-letter day in the calendar of motorists. Most of them put away their cars, and there was surprisingly little moaning. On Mr. Lloyd's shoulders rests the responsibility for conserving our petrol supplies, in order that tanker space can be reserved for the Royal Air Force supplies and those of the Army and Navy. By restricting petrol consumption Mr. Lloyd had also in mind economising in the use of tyres. For a young man with political ambitions his has been no enviable task. Without tactful handling his edict might have caused an uproar. This does not mean that there have been no complaints about the interpretation put on their powers by the Petroleum Officers, and that there are not more grumbles to come. It appears, however, that Mr. Lloyd has endeavoured to bring pleasure motoring to a standstill with the minimum use of administrative staff. Incidentally, to save petrol, Mr. Lloyd has asked Scotland Yard to consider cutting down the number of traffic light stops in the Metropolitan area.



Bravery at Sea Rewarded by the King at a Recent Investiture at Buckingham Palace

Lieutenant Peter Scawen Roberts, R.N., received the V.C. for great bravery in removing two unexploded bombs from the submarine Thrasher. With him are his wife and his niece, Virginia

Two more Royal Navy awards were those of Lieutenant-Commander Anthony Collett, of H.M.S. Unique, who got the D.S.C., and Lieutenant-Commander Richard Cayley, of H.M.S. Utmost, who was awarded a second bar to his D.S.O. for gallantry at sea

Lieutenant Dunstan Curtis, R.N.V.R., was accompanied by his wife to the Palace to receive his D.S.O. He is a Devonshire man and comes from Chagford

MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

Goodish and Good

By James Agate

I BELIEVE I am being converted to Technicolor. At least I felt some of the convert's rapture when at the Warner Theatre I beheld a film ballet called *La Vie Parisienne*, made at Hollywood by a Russian cast of star dancers headed by Massine. When I say enchanting I am possibly guilty of understatement. For I cannot remember anything in colour which has delighted me more. Whether it was the superb dancing, the witty décor, the sureness and swiftness; or whether that magician Offenbach, whose music was heard throughout, was responsible, I cannot say. I can only recommend all lovers of exquisite sight and sound, enlivened by delicate humour, to see this entertainment, which is as novel as it is beautiful.

ALSO it was a surprise. What we ventured forth to see was *The Bride Came C.O.D.* (a clumsy title, maybe). The story of this film, although probably told by Noah to his cronies, has situations not devoid of originality. The idea, for instance, of an old man who once kept a flourishing hotel in a populous mining town deserted these thirty years and now living surrounded by pigs, hens and a loquacious raven—this has a smack of novelty. But there the originality ends. There is nothing new about the rich young heroine who has done nothing all her life except wear frocks and bully head-waiters. Or in the notion that she falls in love with, and even marries, a healthy young animal of the sort James Cagney presents so well. The cynic in us reflects that after marriage young James, who is by way of being a motor mechanic and a tinkerer of aeroplanes,

will use his spanner on his bride, though he will certainly not find a spot as soft as her head.

NOW shall we have some more of the story? Rich Joan Winfield becomes engaged to dance-band leader Allen, the result of too *recherché* a supper. Steve, the mechanic, is bribed by Joan's Pop to abduct her in the plane he uses to carry freight, and bring her back to him unmarried. Thereupon follow those quarrels in mid-air, those crashes, those semi-lonely nights on semi-tropical deserts, those offers of help from him and scornful rejections from her, that feeling cold, that envious glance at the, now she looks at him, good-looking boy snug in his nice warm blanket, those imperceptible advances not unperceived by boy in question.

COMES the dawn. Which, believe me, it does. The couple find the broken-down hotel only to hear the radio blare that they are being sought out, located. Gee, there ain't a minnut to lose. Off they fly again, other planes after them. I really can't be bothered with any more. Enough if I say that whereas, according to the laws of Hollywood, nothing can ever catch our couple up, be it plane, car or what not, this one is overtaken. I have forgotten to say that in between whiles we have spent at least three-quarters of an hour watching our fractious pair play at Beatrice and Benedick in the bowels of a deserted gold-mine.

ALL the same, whether novel or hackneyed, the film is good fun. There is hardly a dull moment in its two-hours' length, although,



Funnymoon Couple Cagney and Davis in "*The Bride Came C.O.D.*"

"*The Bride Came C.O.D.*" (reviewed by James Agate above) is at the Warner Theatre. It is a kidnapping comedy co-starring Bette Davis and James Cagney who have not been seen together on the screen for something like eight years. Poor little rich girl (Bette Davis) is saved from matrimony with unscrupulous band leader by financially embarrassed airline proprietor (James Cagney) only to fall in love, after certain adventures in the desert, with said airline proprietor to the delight of all concerned, save, of course, the jilted band leader

with all respect to the two authors responsible for the screen play and the two novelists from whose story the scenario has been taken, I am sure these four good people must have been glad when Cagney came along to take on half of the responsibility. About Bette Davis as Joan I am not too sure. B.D. is a strong actress who needs a strong part. She is not suited to light comedy either by appearance or temperament, and her notion of militant winsomeness is to look as though the director had stuck two marbles out of ginger-beer bottles into her face for eyes. I claim no originality for the simile, which is lifted, with the alteration of a word or so, from Shakespeare. The other parts are all well played. Eugene Pallette is always a joy, and Harry Davenport as the lonely hotel owner gives a performance without a flaw. Let it be said that this film has a more than average allowance of wit.

Broadway (Leicester Square) begins with George Raft taking a saunter down New York's most famous thoroughfare, and looking at something which resembles a deserted skittle alley. He goes off into a brown study, and presently it turns out that fifteen years earlier this cobwebby cellar was the site of that highly improper little night resort at which George had been a young hooper. It was this opening which, when I got home, made me look into what was happening in the theatres and cinemas of London fifteen years ago. *Broadway* was produced at the Strand Theatre at Christmas, 1926, and ran for nine months. The new productions of that Christmas week were a revival of *Macbeth* with Henry Ainley and Sybil Thorndike, and Molnar's *Liliom* with Charles Laughton. The films were still silent. *Ben Hur* had just made its appearance, and in this year, 1926, Garbo made her first American film, the title of which was *The Torrent*. Two years more, and that spate of sound broke loose which was to put an end to the silent film for ever.

Broadway was a first-class play. I well remember the sensational effect with which those six inane little dancers continually streamed on to the stage to interrupt the really breath-taking murders. I have always maintained that this play was the one really effective comedy-thriller I have seen. All its successors have subordinated their thrills to the comedy, whereas George Abbott and his partner, realising that there is no such thing as tragic relief, made their play out of the serious stuff and used the nonsense as embroidery. The film, once you have left the rather slow opening behind, is fast-moving and immensely exciting. It has real suspense and is seldom, or perhaps never, out of touch with reality. Highly coloured reality, of course, since nobody is going to pretend that night club life in New York during prohibition was a drab business.

George Raft gives yet another of his smooth, adroit and enormously competent performances. I like very much both Marjorie Rambeau's cynical proprietress and Pat O'Brien's unconcerned, laconic detective. George's dancing partner and the red-headed girl are both very well played, and there is a superb performance by S. Z. Sakall of the affable, more-than-*gemütlich* Austrian café proprietor. Finally, let me express my admiration for the marvellous type-casting of the thugs and gangsters in this picture. I am sure that these actors are among the most respected of Hollywood's citizens, and that they spend their evenings at home dandling their babes on their knees. But they look terrifyingly like the real thing. And now a bright idea occurs to me. Why not team up Bette Davis with George Raft?



In a last desperate attempt to hold back the enemy, André (Eric Portman) blows up a street

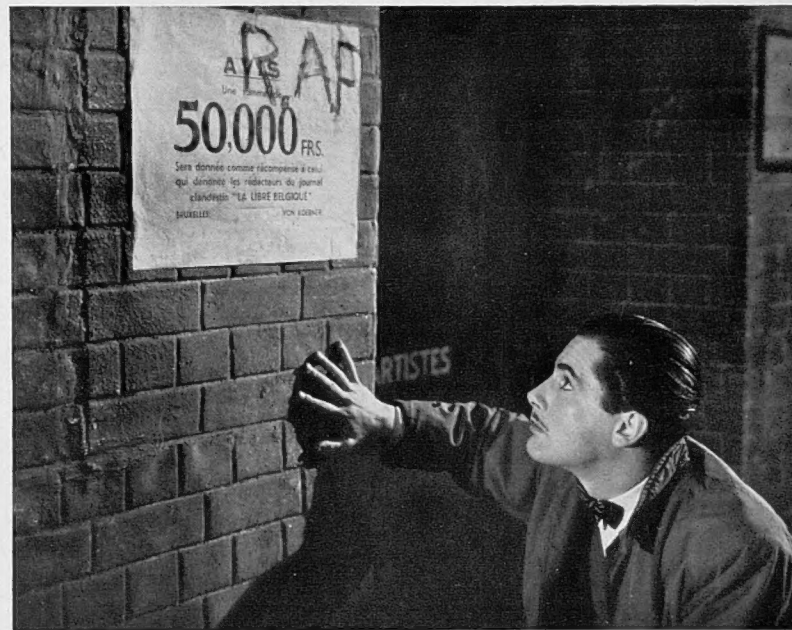


André, once more back in his pre-war job as a cabaret artist, is forced to entertain the army of occupation

"Uncensored"

A Film of Nazi Occupation

Uncensored, directed by Anthony Asquith, with Eric Portman and Phyllis Calvert in the leading roles, comes to the Leicester Square Theatre on July 13. The Nazi occupation of Belgium had three effects on journalism; the refusal of Brussels's editors to issue papers under Nazi control; the production by the Nazis of their own paper *La Nation Belge* and the retaliatory revival by a secret organisation of the famous patriot paper of the last war *La Libre Belgique*. The success of the patriot paper which the Nazis are powerless to suppress is infuriating to the Germans. Von Koerner (Raymond Lovell), the Nazi chief, offers a reward for information. Owing to treachery, the loyalists are seriously threatened, their secret printing press is discovered and destroyed. But personal sacrifice surmounts the apparently overwhelming disaster and *La Libre Belgique* carries on



His partner in vaudeville (Peter Glenville) learns that André is secretly working for "La Libre Belgique." The reward of 50,000 francs for information tempts him to reveal his knowledge



Betrayed by his partner, André is forced to go into hiding. He kills a Nazi sentry and steals his uniform. Thus clad, he visits his friend and priest, Father de Gruyte (Griffith Jones)

Julie (Phyllis Calvert) is in love with André. Knowing that his presence near her endangers her life, André is forced to leave her. Parted by cruel fate till war ends, André and Julie carry on their work for "La Libre Belgique" in their separate ways



The Theatre

By Horace Horsnell

Rain (St. Martin's)

MR. SOMERSET MAUGHAM has a remarkable gift for investing fiction with an air of truth. He exercises it, not only in his choice of themes, but in his treatment of them. His best stories seem so credible, their characters so real, that simple readers are persuaded he takes them direct from life. And since his point of view is seldom a soothing one, it is rashly assumed that he is at heart a cynic.

More suspicious readers recall the aphorism: scratch a cynic, and unmask a sentimentalist. Such an aphorism, at best, is merely a shrewd generalisation; but if it were applied to this grim little drama of the South Seas, it is possible that the scratching need not go very deep. Especially if it were applied to the play, rather than to the story from which the play has been made. For the play's strength lies near the surface, rather than between the lines.

THE story of the missionary who, in the prosecution of his crusade against sin, touches pitch and is defiled, is a harsh one, and it does not relent as a play. It is thoroughly, effectively theatrical. You may possibly recall its outline and setting: the rain-soaked island of Tutuila; the ill-assorted little company, quarantined from an infected ship, who land there, and the rigours of the struggle for the regeneration of Sadie Thompson by the missionary, which has for him so tragic an ending. Beginning as a fight for her soul, it collapses with the ironic surrender of her body, and his suicide from despair.

WHEN the curtain rises, the exotic atmosphere of the piece is at once suggested by the squalid interior of Trader Horn's store-hotel (the only available accommodation on the island), the coco-butter sweat that glistens on the brows of the actors, and Mrs. Horn's slatternly deportment, lisping speech, and Polynesian giggles. No time is lost in thickening this atmosphere, or launching the plot. The protesting passengers arrive, and make their predicament felt.

The hotel accommodation is rough and scanty; and Mrs. Davidson, the missionary's wife, is no mincer of words or their meaning. She speaks her mind ungraciously. Her attitude to suspected indecorum is as uncompromising



Viennese Wanda Rotha has a big part as Sadie Thompson. She spits and swears at the "Reverend Davidson" (G. H. Mulcaster), the fanatical missionary, whose efforts to save her soul end so disastrously for himself

as her hat, which is superbly severe. Sadie Thompson, the garish little bird of passage whom she has observed with distaste on the ship, is her opposite in everything but sex; and almost in that too, for the softer elements in Mrs. Davidson's nature have been petrified by long and rigorous repression.

"The Reverend Davidson," as he is called, seems the one cool member of the party, but cool only by contrast with the blazing zeal for plucking brands violently from the burning, which is at once his maniacal obsession and the mainspring of the plot. This passionate crusade against evil has absorbed all those energies of mind and body to which fanaticism has denied more normal expression. His marriage is but a transmuted celibacy, his wife its collusive victim, worn by devotion to her titular husband and his ruthless ideal.

From the not unfriendly laughter his denunciation and totalitarian threats aroused, it seemed that the audience regarded him with



Visiting Port of Pago Pago where the rain never stops, is Sergeant of Marines O'Hara (Manning Whiley), whom Sadie Thompson loves and follows in the end

indulgent, if somewhat derisory complacency. Mr. G. H. Mulcaster's performance, however, while tempering nothing of inquisitorial fire, was consistent enough to give the character force and the situations tension. And the study of the wife by Miss Margaret Withers, though pitched perhaps at the outset in too formidable a key, had sensitive reserves to draw upon, and developed conviction and won true sympathy.

Sadie herself, as played by Miss Wanda Rotha, a Viennese actress with remarkable red hair, seemed to me more an exiled queen of tragedy than likely flotsam on that particular sea. She had, I felt, a shrewd regard for the part's theatrical assets than for its indigenous truth, and swelled out that perky little adventure to something like Medea proportions. Sadie's reputed Honolulu past and prophetic fears of San Francisco seemed, in consequence, more the minutæ of a formidable wanton's progress than the major terrors of a minor adventuress. And, in the circumstances, one felt that sympathy with her terrors might be almost an impertinence.

THE play has the virtue of provoking partisan feeling. The lesser characters are all well played; and, in the good old days when villains were villains and hailed as such, Mr. Mulcaster's forthright missionary would have evoked, not complacent laughter, but its merited tribute of hisses.

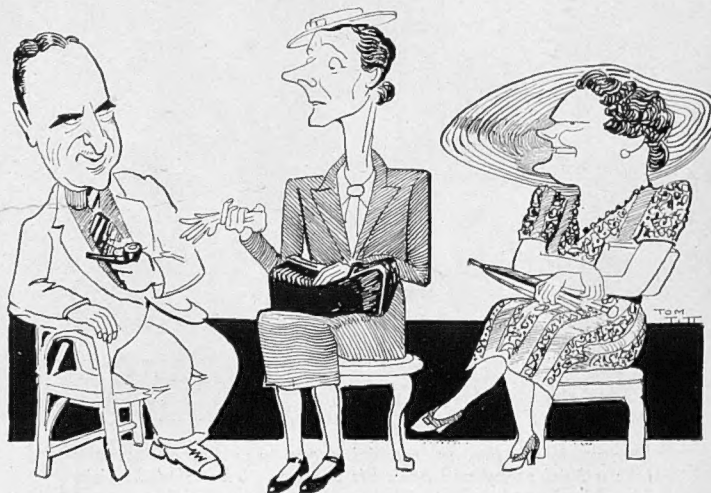
Where then, you may ask, does sentimentality soften this cynical story? Ask that chivalrous Sergeant of Marines so sympathetically played by Mr. Manning Whiley, with whom, in Sydney, Sadie proposes to live happy ever after.

Sketches by
Tom Titt



*(Left)
Owners of Pago Pago's only hotel-store are Joe Horn (Fred Groves) who is fond of the bottle, and his slatternly wife, Ameena (Mabel Twemlow)*

*(Right)
Fellow travellers who arrive together on the South Sea Island of Tutuila are Mrs. Davidson (Margaret Withers), the missionary's wife, and Dr. and Mrs. MacPhail (Arthur Maude and Clare Harris)*



Art and the Drama



Jacob Epstein has recently completed a bust of the Dean of Canterbury, Dr. Hewlett Johnson. This latest work of Epstein is being exhibited to aid Mrs. Churchill's Artists' Aid to Russia Fund at the Wallace Collection. The Exhibition was opened last week by Mme. Maisky, wife of the very popular Soviet Ambassador to Britain



A portrait of Mr. R. J. Mitchell, designer of the Spitfire, has been painted by Mr. Frank E. Beresford. The portrait is being shown in an Exhibition of Mr. Beresford's work at the Hall Studios, St. John's Wood. The Exhibition includes the artist's work over a period of six months spent with the Dutch and Polish Air Forces in this country. It also includes portraits of Flying Officer Garland and Sergeant Gray, the first two V.C.s of the R.A.F. in this war, which have not previously been on show in London



Miss Caryl Brahms, the well-known ballet critic, and her witty collaborator, Mr. S. J. Simon (incidentally, an international bridge player), are the authors of "A Bullet in the Ballet," "The Elephant is White," "Don't, Mr. Disraeli," and many other novels. "Don't, Mr. Disraeli" was elected the "Evening Standard" Book of the Month, and a stage version of the novel is shortly to be produced in London, with music by Leslie Julian Jones. Here the authors are approving Berkeley Sutcliffe's designs for the decor

The D'Oyly Carte Company showed their appreciation of what we all owe to the men of the Merchant Navy when they gave a tea-party on the roof of Princes Theatre for officers and men on leave. The sandwiches, appropriately enough made of foodstuffs brought across the Atlantic on Lease-Lend terms by men of the Merchant Navy, were as popular with the cast (still in their "Gondoliers" costumes) as they were with the men themselves



On and Off Duty

A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

Royal Visit to Ulster

THEIR MAJESTIES the King and Queen paid a tremendously successful three-day visit to Ulster, the highlight of which was their day with the American troops. The King and Queen crossed in the cruiser H.M.S. Phœbe. Although the Marchioness of Hamilton was not actually in attendance on the Queen—the duty fell to Countess Spencer—she accompanied their Majesties in order to pay an unexpected visit to her father-in-law, the Duke of Abercorn, who is Governor-General of Northern Ireland. This is without a doubt the first time anyone has been “given a lift” on the royal train and then in a warship, but she is an old friend of their Majesties and they were thoughtful enough to take her with them. Lady Hamilton is a sister of the late Earl of Erne, who in peacetime was Lord-in-Waiting to the King and who was killed in action in France at the beginning of the war, as was his father in October 1914, fighting with the “Blues.”

The Queen's New Ensemble

THE QUEEN wore an entirely new ensemble for her Ulster visit, the first addition she has made to her wardrobe for many months, keeping as strictly to coupon regulations as everyone else. She chose a dress in a shade of Parma violet cut on very simple lines, with a loose, flowing coat to match. With it she wore a close-fitting, small-brimmed hat, artificial violets forming the crown.

Woman War Correspondent

WHEN her Majesty landed with the King at Belfast she surprised all the American Press correspondents waiting on the quayside by walking straight over to them and shaking hands with the only woman reporter present, Miss Helen Kirkpatrick, of the *Chicago Daily News*, who was in the official American Army uniform for women war correspondents—a smartly-cut khaki tunic with a lighter-toned khaki skirt.

The Queen had met Miss Kirkpatrick privately in London at the house of her brother, Mr. David Bowes-Lyon. On both occasions her

Majesty remarked upon the fact that the British Army have no accredited women correspondents.

News from Scotland

LADY AINSWORTH, who is her own maid-of-all-work on her farm by Loch Awe, has found time to visit her promising son David at Eton, but has now crossed the Border again. She is known as the best cook in Britain. Lord Younger's daughters, the Hon. Mrs. Davidson and Miss Anne Younger, are still V.A.D.s at Stirling Royal Infirmary. The youthful Mrs. Forbes, née Strutt, whose husband is Commodore at Oban, is now a proud grandmother. Her son William (Major in Argyll and Sutherland) married Miss Diana Knox last year, who has just had a baby boy at Windsor. His godmothers-to-be are Rosita Forbes and Lady Muir of Blair Drummond. Two inveterate farmers in Scotland are Mrs. Calthorpe, who is working on a sheep-farm at Dunblane for the duration, and Lady Tweeddale. The latter is doing great work at Yester, where she is farming, with goats, chickens, pigs and geese. But her chief occupation—or, rather, enterprise—is the making of cheese from goats' milk! She sells it to the village and to various military round and about. I hear there is such a demand for it that she simply can't supply enough! The family, like most, is very scattered. While the eldest girl, Lady Hélène Berry, is in London at a flat in Weymouth Street, the second, Lady Georgina Coleridge, is at Dunbar, the third, Lady Daphne Morley-Fletcher (always known as “Peanut” though no one knows why), is the only one at Yester, for the remaining one, Lady Frances Hay, is away in Canada, where she was despatched for safety early in the war.

Ways and Means of Living

MARIE LADY LEIGH, a charming American married to a Scot, is the sole private resident in Grosvenor Square. She has converted several rooms in the basement into quarters for herself. What used to be the housekeeper's room is now her bedroom. She has thrown two other rooms into one and made it into a large



Halliday, Belfast

Miss Marie Isobel French

The eldest daughter of Captain the Hon. William and Mrs. French, of Crogan House, Boyle, Co. Roscommon, announced her engagement last month to Captain Thomas Brian Weldon, Princess Louise's Kensington Regiment, brother of Sir Anthony Weldon, Bt.

sitting-room and filled it with her less valuable furniture, the rest of her precious things being in store. The general post is a good idea, as the fixed contents of a kitchen are the hardest things to move, so why not bring the living-rooms to the level of the kitchen, which enables you to live on one floor? Another successful combination brought about by necessity has been arranged by Mrs. Pryce-Jones, who has removed her perfect collection of Napoleonic furniture from her semi-destroyed London house to a small farmhouse in Kent. She has arranged the furniture with such perfect taste that it looks as though it had always belonged there.

Midsummer Services Leave Ball

LADY HAMOND-GRAEME, indefatigable charity hostess, reserved the biggest table, seating more than eighty guests, at the Midsummer Services Leave Ball held at Grosvenor House. She wore mauve and gold brocade, and started off the ceremony by giving toasts to the King and Allied Nations.

I could not help noticing the changed deportment of the girls who had had Service training. Flat backs and long necks; a marked improvement on debs. of former years. This was one of the few occasions this summer when the girls wore evening dress. Clare Sheridan's daughter, the Comtesse Guy de Rénéville, wore pink; Ursula James a white lace frock; Mary Harcourt yellow chiffon and Penelope Forbes a white dress with a cyclamen sash. The party was a great success and ended late for these days of early rising.

To Help Prisoners of War

THERE was a successful dance in Shaftesbury—successful both financially and as fun—in aid of the Prisoners of War Fund. Mr. Tony Garton and Mr. Ian Westmacott organised it, and they were there from beginning to end, all smiles. Mr. Bobbie Steele had a dinner-party for it. Transport—or, rather, lack of it—localised the guests, and they were mostly all near neighbours. Miss Hambro, the daughter of the local M.P., Sir John Gilmour's daughter Diana, Mrs. Grant Singer and Miss Hilary Napier, Miss Lavinia Shaw-Stewart, Miss Jean Garton and Mrs. George Clark found plenty of soldiers to dance with. Captain Timothy Tufnell, Lord Richard Percy, Mr. Neville Berry, Mr. Ryan Jarvis, son of the famous trainer, Mr. Roy Roche and Mr. John Bruce were all in excellent form. Lord and Lady Carrington were there, and Mrs. Whitehead.



Mrs. Alec Hambro was out walking in London one day, carrying one of the popular string bags. She was Miss Nancy Beaton, younger sister of Mr. Cecil Beaton, and was married in 1934 to Mr. Alec Hambro



Shoppers in London

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Rice were also shopping in town recently, and took their daughter with them to carry the parcels. Mrs. Rice is a daughter of Lady Curzon of Kedleston by her first marriage to Mr. Alfred Duggan



Lenore



Harlip



Harlip

Two Girls Who Are Engaged, and a Recent Bride

Lady Penelope Shirley is engaged to the Rev. John Maurice Robson, Royal Army Chaplains' Department. She is Earl and Countess Ferrar's younger daughter, and her fiancé is the son of the late Rev. James Robson, of South Shields, and Mrs. Robson

The wife of Major the Hon. Sir Thomas Frankland, Bt., was, before her second marriage on June 25th, the Hon. Mrs. Rous. She is the daughter of the late Captain the Hon. Edward Kaye-Shuttleworth and Mrs. Roger Fulford. Her husband is the son of the late Sir Frederick Frankland and Baroness Zouche

Miss Belinda Blew-Jones is to marry Mr. John Henry Wiggin, Grenadier Guards, only son of Sir Charles and Lady Wiggin, of Honington Hall, Warwickshire. She is the daughter of Major Douglas Blew-Jones, of Westward Ho!, and Mrs. Violet Blew-Jones

Still in Wiltshire

SALISBURY races had few visitors from afar; again they were mostly local. Lady Rosebery, however, was on one of her rare visits south, and was there with her daughter, the Duchess of Norfolk; Lady Weymouth, who lives not far away, was with Lady Stavordale; Lord and Lady Sefton were in the paddock; Mr. "Quipny" Gilbey looked happy to be back in familiar surroundings for part of his forty-eight hours' leave; Mrs. Fulke Walwyn was wearing a practical pinafore dress; Lord and Lady Andrew Cavendish stayed for a few races. Mr. Teddy Lambton goes racing whenever he can. Lord Shaftesbury walked round with his daughter, Lady Dorothea Head. Lady Petre (whose name has been repeatedly misprinted as Countess of Petre), Major and Mrs. Rupert Byass, Lord Westmorland and Miss Rosario Scrope thoroughly enjoyed the meeting. Most of the women had saved up

"hours off" from Red Cross, W.V.S. and Y.M.C.A. to accompany soldiers on leave to the races.

Famous Sideboard

THERE is a quite fantastic sideboard in a Shaftesbury hotel, a vast piece of furniture carved in bewildering profusion—a whole page of history in wood; figures, trees and all entire and three-dimensional. The subject is the Battle of Chevy Chase in 1388, and the sideboard, which is solid oak, was meant for one of the late Dukes of Northumberland, but he died before its completion early in the eighteenth century.

The executor of the piece was Gerard Robinson, and Lord Percy, the famous Hotspur, appears; and James, second Earl of Douglas—the Black Douglas. The battle was between these two and their retainers, who met hunting, and disputed each other's right to the land over which they chased.

Sir John Egerton is depicted giving the coup de grace to Sir David Lamb; Sir John Lilburn is seen having a crack at Sir Charles Murray; Sir Ralph Raby and Sir Hugh Montgomery are taking each other on; Sir John Maxwell challenges Sir Henry Wetherington and, last scene of all, Lady Percy bemoans her husband, now past all human aid.

A Lively Orchestra

At a private party after the Salisbury races there was an excellent band, consisting of Forces in the neighbourhood. Most of the men had played professionally before the war. They had no music and had had no means of practising as a whole, but played a terrific range of tunes with marvellous rhythm for hours on end, all by ear, and were brilliant at variations of one tune, the favourite being "Deep in the Heart of Texas," which they played as a foxtrot and a rumba. Lance-Corporals Bruford

(Concluded on page 56)



The Tom Dugdales at Home

Major and Mrs. Tom Dugdale's second son was born in May. Major Dugdale is the M.P. for Richmond, Yorks, and this year became chairman of the Conservative Party, the youngest for sixteen years. His wife, whom he married in 1936, is a daughter of the late Sir Charles Tennant, Bt., and a half-sister of Lady Oxford and Asquith



A Wedding in Winchester Cathedral

Mr. William Edward Harry Lawson, Scots Guards, and Miss Anne Petherick, second daughter of Major G. G. and Lady Jeane Petherick, of The Mill House, St. Cross, Winchester, were married on June 27th at Winchester Cathedral. The bridegroom is the elder son of Major-General the Hon. E. F. Lawson and the Hon. Mrs. Lawson

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

NAÏVEST Cry to the Press last week was a letter asking why General de Gaulle, the leading Allied authority on tank warfare, as the Germans have admitted, is not invited by the I.G.S. to serve in an advisory capacity. That's just why, dear, as the actress said laughingly to the bishop.

We never see those small, keen-eyed, beautifully-shaped brass-hatted heads thronging Pall Mall at lunchtime without hearing a ghostly barrel-organ strike up "The Absent-Minded Beggar" (translated literally at the time into Italian as "Il Mendicante Distratto," and affording a pleasing vision of an army of distracted mendicants), and hearing spectral Staff voices talking about helios and kopjes and pom-poms and that grand piano the 48th (Pink) Hussars have just ordered for their mess at Vjuitfeldstroom. Without being quite so dazed and dazzled by the Dunne Time-Theory as some of the booksy boys, we can well imagine it operates pretty sweetly in Whitehall. It seems that the Germans are now exploiting that caddish Boer trick of looping barbed wire round their entrenchments. Not quite quite, we should say.

Clue

THE historian Thiers, who explained the notable lack of initiative, vivacity, and quick thinking among Wellington's otherwise admirable troops by the fact that their officers had them flogged nearly to death for the slightest misdemeanour, seems to suggest here a psychological clue to our string of military mishaps which somebody ought to follow up. How many high Whitehall brass-hats of the moment were continuously slapped and banged on the sit-upon by Nanny in infancy, thus making them dull for life? Tell Buster to tell Eric to ask little Mrs. Whatsher-name to tell The Buffalo to suggest this question to Number One, when she's doing nothing in particular.

Word

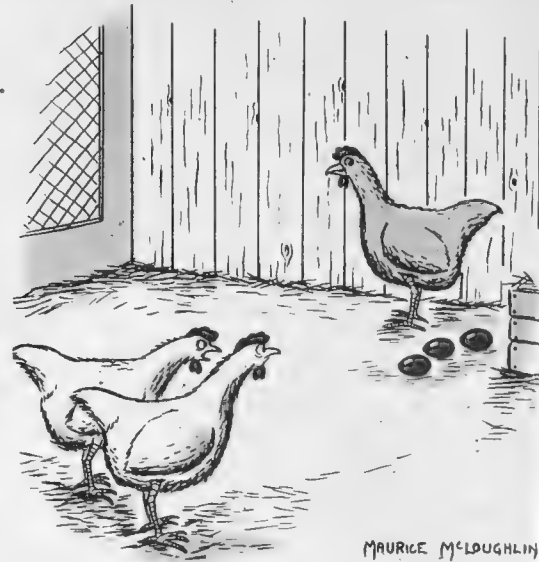
HAVING not the woozi-hest notion of what the post-war world will be like (and there are times—need we repeat?—when we don't seem to care much what it's going to be like, provided it isn't run by Les Gollancz Boys); we nevertheless feel it is far from impossible that

one day the Hapsburgs may again rule Austria, the Bourbons Spain and Portugal, and the Orleans France, and why not? In view of this, we suggest the time is already ripe for somebody to give the gossip-boys an alternative word for "Pretender."

They've been using it again lately in connection with the betrothal of a Portuguese Royalty. Undoubtedly the word (Fr., *prétendre*, to claim) gives the gossip-boys and the Race at large unfortunate ideas connected with pretence, lying, deceit, subterfuge, and other foreign shortcomings which they properly detest and abhor. "Claimant" might make the Fleet Street boys more kindly and disposed to examine, and even—who knows?—to approve.

Footnote

THE classic case of the Welch politician who protested so vigorously at Versailles in 1919 against French arrogance in using the word *démander*, which he took



MAURICE McLOUGHLIN

“Now we know where her eggs are going to”

in his innocence to mean "demand," is somewhat similar. Foreign-languages are full of pitfalls for the decent; and any little thing we can do to smoothe the way for our comrades of the Street of Adventure and our idols at Westminster we are determined to do, Heaven helping us. Thanking you one and all.

Amende

APROPOS current milk supply problems, we were the first to doubt whether the Ministry of Agriculture's policy of hiring string quartets to play Bach to cows to stimulate milk-production was of practical value. The whole scheme has actually proved otiose, as the highbrow weeklies would say.

Meanwhile, we learn, that story about that Alderney cow is wrong. The conversation between the cow and the leading violin of the Bœotian Quartet, as we were told it, went thus, the cow beginning:

"Tone too rough."

"You seem to be quite a critic."

"I am a critic, you fool."

"Is that so?"

"That is so, and a damned serious critic too, or I wouldn't be on the *New Statesman*." (End.)

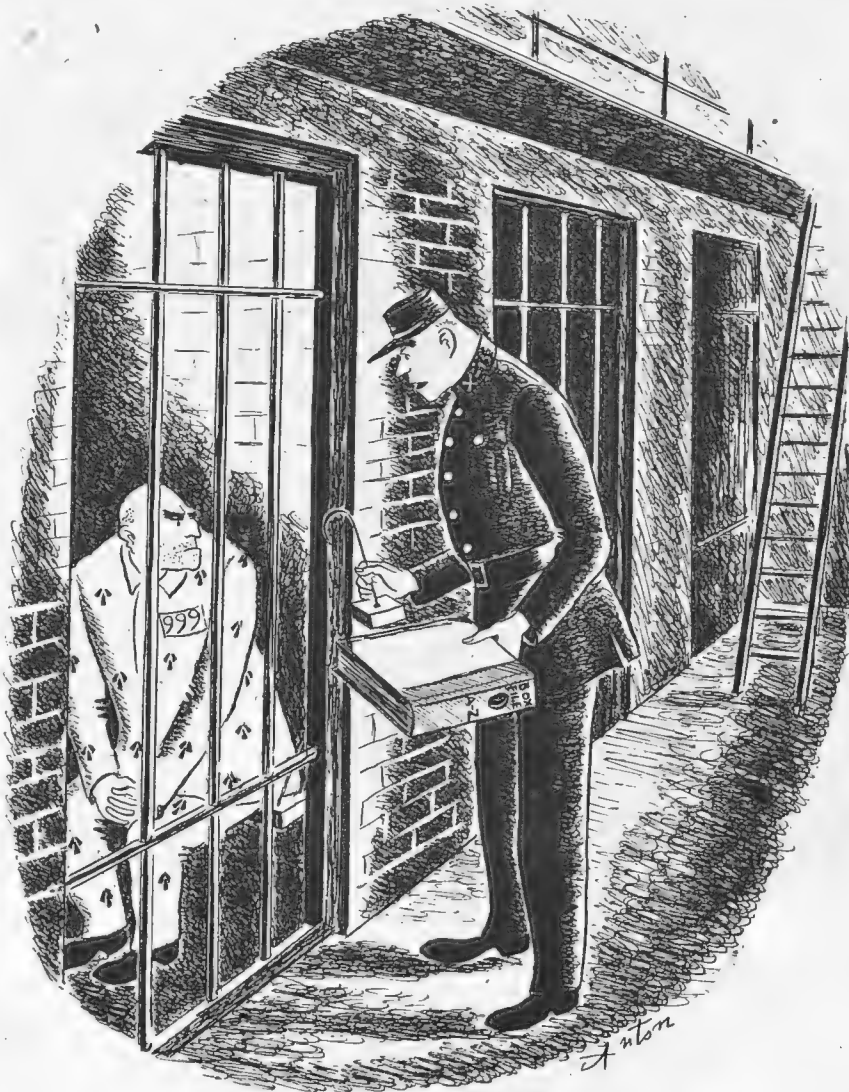
This is wrong and we apologise. The cow was merely an occasional contributor to the *Spectator*.

Misfire

NO great poets have unbeautiful names, remarked a chap on the air recently, enunciating a mysterious law which has often fascinated us.

There is no reason why a poet born Dogsbody or Whackerbath or Bugsworth should not ultimately grace England's Helicon, but boys thus

(Concluded on page 46)



“A friend of yours left these, Joe—said you hadn't said which kind you wanted, so he sent both”

R.A.F. Portraits by Olive Snell



Squadron Leader John Groves Topham, D.F.C., is a night-fighter pilot of long experience. He has destroyed two Junkers 88's and has also shot down three enemy night prowlers during the last few weeks. Born at Bradford, he was commissioned in the R.A.F. in 1939, and in 1941 promoted to squadron leader. He has a fine reputation in the Air Force, both as a night-fighter pilot and a squadron leader.



Group Captain Thomas Geoffrey Pike, D.S.O., D.F.C., entered the R.A.F. College, Cranwell, as a cadet in 1924. He was granted a commission in 1925. He has shown great skill in intercepting enemy aircraft at night, and, on one occasion, destroyed two in one night. It was for gallantry in night flying that Group Captain Pike was awarded the D.F.C. and Bar. The D.S.O. followed for courage in day operations.



Flt. Lieut. Thomas Bernard Fitzgerald, D.F.C., comes from Timaru, New Zealand. He served in the Royal New Zealand Air Force before being granted a commission in the R.A.F. in 1938. He carried out a successful and daring low-flying attack against the enemy at Sedan. In a second raid, he was wounded and shot down, but succeeded in making a forced landing, thus saving the lives of his crew.



Squadron Leader Paul Richey was awarded the D.F.C. when it was announced that he had destroyed at least nine enemy aircraft and damaged a further seven. Since then, he has been awarded a Bar to the D.F.C., and also the Belgian Croix de Guerre. Paul Richey is the author of "Fighter Pilot." In 1939 he married Theresa, the elder daughter of Sir Roy and Lady Lister Robinson.

Standing By ...

(Continued)

named never seem to do so. Hogg and Crabbe never climbed very high. (Keats is probably the only exception, barring of course Shakespeare, a curiously infelicitous name for a major poet, when you consider it carefully.) On the other hand, many poets with really elegant names, such as Lovelace and Beaumont, are not in the front rank either, and the French poet with the most charmingly poetic name any poet has ever borne, Amadis Jamyn, Shakespeare's contemporary, was just a fop. When we come to consider their dainty pans we are on somewhat firmer ground. No great poet, except Verlaine, so far as we can judge, has ever had a really repulsive dial, which includes the unknown Italian whose portrait the Island Race has for generations accepted as that of the authentic Shakespeare. Even that popeyed bust at Stratford is not too hard to look at, and why on earth we should ever assume that this topic would interest you we can't conceive. Ring up the Public Relations Manager and get your money back.

Enigma

ONE of the late Winter Sports boys was being very aggressive with us last week because in Switzerland, long ago accorded Dominion status during the Season by those bronzed hearties and their thumping girl chums, certain factories are busy making munitions for the Germans. We reminded him that the Swiss, who hired out fighting mercenaries to everybody and anybody throughout the Middle Ages and dealt with both sides impartially in World War I, are actuated by the highest ethical standards of modern Big Business, and

advised him gently to close his finely-carved trap.

Evidently the Winter Sports gang's influence on the Swiss was not so powerful as we thought. Morally they've left their mark here and there, no doubt, as Longfellow noted:

"Oh stay," the maiden cried, "and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast!"

The stern youth said: "That type of fun
Is not approved by Arn-ld L-nn,
Excelsior!"

But considering how the heirs of Empire galumphed up and down those snowy slopes, and put the Alps in their place, and ran Switzerland generally, it is odd that not even a wooden cuckoo seems to be rooting for the old Flag to-day. Can it be that they slightly overdid it? Can it be that the virile ringing laughter of Stinker and Dusty and the Faughaghton girls started too many avalanches? Enigma.

Boast

GVERNED by rage and fear, like hard men to hounds, those few Alpinists and other climbers we know personally have never seemed to us ideal citizens. However, they esteem themselves highly. A member of the Alpine Club wrote to the papers a little time ago boasting that Commando training is based largely on principles evolved by mountain-climbers for the past fifty years, and another addict did so last week.

The rugged virtues claimed by Alpinists, openly or obliquely, in their writings are courage, perseverance in right, strength of mind and body, purity, chivalry, altruism, fortitude, beauty of spirit, prudence, modesty and a few more we forget. Stout fellows, their books invariably make them out to be, dear chaps, dear persons. In our view there is something possibly evil in their masochist pleasures. High peaks are notoriously haunted by demons, and that Alpinist fondness for looking down on



"Damn! I forgot we dug it
up last winter!"

people from immense heights is presumptuous folly, if nothing worse. Scrambling in the Pyrenees once with a treasured friend we became devils for pride, like him, and were soon exchanging menacing gestures, knee-deep in snow, too exhausted and hoarse with bragging and threats to yell. Ask them in Saldeu what hoarse croaks of "Charlatan!" and "Fool!" astounded the valley of the Valira. Ask them in Puycerda who danced with impotent rage in the square, whispering "Ratspawn!" "Whig!" and "Stinkard!"

The Offensive Spirit is certainly essential in Commando training, but we think Alpinists while boasting should take the public more into their confidence.

Birdie

DOWN our way the cuckoo got hoarse and intermittent some time ago and has now chucked in the sponge. We observe that he was still performing diligently for Auntie Times's Nature Correspondent a few days ago, which argues either that this birdie chum is afraid of the boys in Printing House Square or that some rude fourflusher of the hamlet is up to his games again.

A third explanation, given us recently by a birdie fan, why cuckoos sing much longer for Times readers is hardly delicate, and we set it down with blushes. Briefly, it is to the effect that the cuckoo has got wind of the ancient English joke centring round him, and is, so to speak, taunting Times readers with marital infelicity and, as it were, describing each serious and dignified pan as a *vraie bobine de cocu*. (You used to hear his note in Paris all the year round; it was the concierge's odious little daughter mocking the lodger on the fourth floor back.) We need hardly add that we dissociate ourselves entirely from this regrettable theory, from which the most lightminded must recoil with loathing, at which the least censorious must shudder with disgust.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"Mother, I wish something would happen"



Satirist and Soldier

Howard Coster, F.R.S.A.

Captain Evelyn Waugh, Commando, Royal Marine, traveller, war correspondent and author, was born in Hampstead in October 1903. He is the second son of Mr. Arthur Waugh, chairman of Chapman and Hall, publishers, and a great-great-grandson of the Lord Cockburn of Edinburgh who wrote *Memorials of His Time*. From nursery days, Evelyn Waugh showed an intense interest in literature, and at his first school, Heath Mount, he edited a satirical magazine of considerable wit and audacity. In 1917 he went to Lancing, where he produced a cynical drama, edited the school paper, and was elected to the first History Scholarship at Hertford College, Oxford. His career as a novelist started with *Decline and Fall* and *Vile Bodies*. He was awarded the Hawthornden Prize for his monograph on Edmund Campion. Thirty-six years old when war broke out, he immediately volunteered for service, was given a commission in the Royal Marines, later transferring into one of the earliest Commando units with which he took part in some of the fiercest fighting and eventual evacuation of Crete. In 1937 he married Laura, the youngest daughter of the late Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. Aubrey Herbert, M.P., son of the fourth Earl of Carnarvon. The Waughs have two children, Auberon Alexander and Maria Theresa, both of whom are now living with their grandmother at Pixton Park, Dulverton; the Waughs' own home, Piers Court, in Gloucester, being let for the duration of the war

We Have Faced Invasion Before

It Was the Young Mr. Pitt Who Saved
Britain Then



"The Young Mr. Pitt," only twenty-four years of age, takes up residence at No. 10, Downing Street. He is Britain's youngest Prime Minister. Robert Donat, as Mr. Pitt, has the longest role of his career. Much of the dramatic narrative and additional dialogue of the film has been written by the Earl of Kenmare, formerly so well known as Lord Castlerosse.



King George III. urges his favourite Minister to take a wife. At a great Naval Review Ball, young Mr. Pitt meets the lovely Eleanor Eden (Phyllis Calvert), daughter of Lord Auckland. Pitt spends many happy days at Lord Auckland's country house with the girl he loves, the one bitter-sweet romance of his life.

Napoleon's armies are victorious everywhere. The shores of Britain are threatened with invasion. Under Pitt's inspired leadership, party differences are buried, the coast is fortified, the home guard is formed. Charles James Fox takes time off from politics to drill as a volunteer private in the Chertsey Volunteers.

Every able-bodied man joins Social Volunteers. Just as it stands side by side, equal in the they love. Here the local squire





Brooks's Club of the eighteenth century is reconstructed for the film. It is here in 1783 that Lord North (Felix Aylmer) and Charles James Fox (Robert Morley) philosophically accept the news from Sir Evan Nepean (Bromley Davenport) that their resignation from office is desired

Charles James Fox is Pitt's enemy. He uses every device to discredit him. In an effort to secure votes for himself against Pitt he uses the beauty of the Duchess of Devonshire (Margaret Vyner). Robert Morley and Margaret Vyner bear a remarkable resemblance to the characters they portray in "The Young Mr. Pitt"

The Young Mr. Pitt, directed by Carol Reed and now at the New Gallery and Marble Arch Pavilion, opens in the eighteenth century with Britain fighting to retain control of her American colonists. The Earl of Chatham is the chief parliamentary figure of the day. After Chatham's death, George III., displeased with his decadent Government under Lord North and Charles James Fox, sends for Chatham's son, William Pitt, and asks him to form a Government. Pitt's maiden speech in the House of Commons is made in a hostile house, yet under his leadership Britain prospers; industry booms and our great Navy grows strong again. In 1793 France declares war on Britain. Napoleon appoints himself First Consul of France. Politicians under Fox urge a truce, but Pitt, overriding opposition, appoints Horatio Nelson in command of the Fleet. Britain is rearmed; she becomes a fortress; the British Navy, under Nelson, sweeps the seas. Trafalgar saves the day. Bells ring out, cannons fire. "England has saved herself by her exertions and will, I trust, save Europe by her example." Those are Pitt's words, uttered nearly two centuries ago. May they be true to-day



Pitt, worn by illness and by the desertion of his greatest friend, Wilberforce (John Mills), goes to face the House. As he is about to defend his policy, a message is passed to him. Nelson has defeated the French Fleet in the Battle of the Nile. The whole House rises to congratulate the man they had come to condemn

Britain is a fortress. It remains for the seas to be swept clean of the enemy. Nelson (Stephen Haggard) prepares for action. The British Fleet forces the French Fleet into battle. The glorious naval action of Trafalgar is fought and won. Britain is free

home guard—in those days called the to-day, men of every class and calling determination to defend at all cost the land (Hugh Ardale) is seen signing-up for service





Lady Francis Hill and Caroline Sylvia

Lord Francis Hill is the only brother and heir-presumptive of the Marquess of Downshire. His wife, whom he married in 1927, was Miss Sheila MacDougall, the youngest daughter of the late Colonel Stewart MacDougall, of Lunga, Argyllshire. They have one son and two daughters, of whom Caroline Sylvia, who is seen on this page, is the younger. Lady Francis Hill's father, who was in the Gordon Highlanders, and her only brother, in the Grenadier Guards, were both killed in the last war. Lord Francis served from 1915 to 1918 in the Scots Greys, of which he is a Captain, and later was for some years A.D.C. to the Governor-General of South Africa. His home is Knapwood House, in Surrey

Photographs by Lenarc

Lord and Lady Francis Hill

With Their Youngest
Child, Caroline Sylvia



Captain Lord Francis Hill

Pictures From Here and There

Wartime Activities in London and Country



The Duke of Norfolk Auctions His Daughter's Rabbits



New York to Dumfries

The Duke of Norfolk was auctioneer at a sale of rabbits and poultry held at the Zoo, in aid of the Red Cross Agriculture Fund. Two of the rabbits were given by his small daughter. He was assisted by the Duchess of Marlborough, in Red Cross uniform.

Left: The New York branch of "Bundles for Britain, Inc." have presented a mobile canteen to the Burgh of Dumfries. Here is the Duchess of Buccleuch, who made the presentation, with the Provost of Dumfries

Right: The Chinese Ambassador opened a three-day summer school at the Institute of Archaeology, Regent's Park. At the ceremony were Lady Shenton, Mme. P. W. Kuo, wife of the Chinese Finance Minister, Mrs. Seligman, Dr. Wellington Koo and Major-General Sir Neill Malcolm



A Chinese School in London



A New Recruit to the W.A.A.F.

Left: Lady Jean Bruce, Lord Elgin's second daughter, who is just nineteen, has volunteered for the W.A.A.F. She will be missed in the Dunfermline area, where she was an active worker at the R.A.F. Comforts depot. Lady Jean, here seen with the W.A.A.F. interviewing officer, expressed a preference for radio work or clerking duties

Right: Gem Hoahing, Chinese tennis star, sold programmes at the Mayoress of St. Marylebone's Charity Garden Party in Regent's Park. The Hon. Mrs. Simon Rodney, Hon. Organiser of the Marylebone Penny-a-Week Fund, and vice-chairman of the Red Cross and St. John for London, was one of her buyers



Buying a Programme



A Gift from the Argentine

The Duchess of Gloucester received a £1,250 cheque for the Duke of Gloucester's Red Cross and St. John Fund, presented by Mr. J. M. Eddy, on behalf of non-British employees of three Argentine Railway

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

Lord Glanely

THE tragic death of one of the Turf's greatest supporters will be deeply regretted by everyone who, in these times, has gone racing. A love of horses is very variously distributed, but Lord Glanely, having started his career at sea, was more likely to be attracted to that animal than most, for I have yet to meet a sailor who is not. There is no necessity to catalogue his many Turf successes, for that has already been done very extensively elsewhere. His first big winner was Grand Parade, a most aptly-named colt, in the first post-war Derby 1919. He was aptly named because there had just been a grand parade of the chaps who had been in the fire, and it was before we proceeded to deprive ourselves of a first-class Army, a first-class Air Force, and, what was worse than both, the best Navy in the world. Singapore and Colombo are two more of Lord Glanely's horses which are signposts in his Turf career, and Dancing Time, his most recent Classic winner, is another. How she would have run in the Gold Cup we do not know, because all Glanely's horses were scratched when he died. It is the very irony of fate that Lord Glanely should have left Newmarket for what presumably he considered a safer area, there to meet his fate at enemy hands.

The Leger—Newmarket Opinion

ALTHOUGH one feels little inclination to talk about racing at such a time as this, duty has to be done, and perhaps any distraction may be some kind of an aid to us all. That very sage gentleman who writes under the nom de guerre of "Augur" in the *Sporting Life* thinks that: (a) we must believe that the result of the Leger lies between Watling Street, the Derby winner, and Hyperides, the runner-up, with a strong predilection for the latter; (b) that Big Game might reinstate himself; and that (c) Sun Chariot cannot have much chance, because Hyperides is so much better than Afterthought (same ownership), who ran up to Sun Castle in the Oaks. I can follow all this excepting

deduction (c). If Hyperides is so much better than Afterthought, is it not equally arguable that Sun Chariot must be in the same position? On her jockey's evidence, Sun Chariot must have lost at least four or five lengths by her waywardness at the start of the Oaks, and another three by not coming the shortest way home in that contest: even then she beat Afterthought a length without much trouble. I cannot follow the reasoning that Sun Chariot "has no pretensions to beat Hyperides." The book hardly supports this view. I can only take it that our friend has not much confidence in Sun Chariot's behaviour. Some of us have our doubts about Watling Street upon the same score. It was Harry Wragg's consummate generalship that got him home in the Derby.

Big Game?

THERE are people who think that the King's fine colt beat himself in the Derby by fighting with his jockey, and wanting to make a one-mile race of it; they have also said that he was made too much use of, and his great speed not conserved for the final dart. It is always fashionable to blame the jockey when a pot boils over, and it is just as easy as doing the same thing to a general, but the man sitting in the stand, or in his London club window, never can know as much as the man in action. Neither Gordon Richards nor Fred Darling believes that Big Game can stay, and most people who saw the Derby agree with this opinion. Big Game is a big, hefty colt, only $\frac{3}{4}$ in. smaller than Watling Street, who is 16h. 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ in., and he is not a boy's ride—but Gordon Richards is not a boy, but a pretty strong little man. Hyperides carted Big Game along when Sea Sick, Lord Rosebery's other one, had finished with him, and that cannot have made it any easier to hold him. Hyperides is not quite 16 hands, and Sun Chariot only 15h. 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. Anything that will ward off "brown off" may be worth thinking about in these distracting times. I think that it helps; it certainly does not connote complacency.



D. R. Stuart

Captain of the Harrow XI.

A. John S. Griffin is to captain the Harrow XI, which meets Eton at Harrow on July 11th. He played in the eleven which was defeated by Eton last year on Agar's Plough. This will be the third Eton and Harrow wartime one-day fixture.

Intelligence

THIS thing, roughly speaking, is of two kinds: military, which really means "information" and the gleaning of it, and ordinary, which latter may be described as that which you or I may think that we possess. There is another kind, the sixth sense, very rare in humans—not so rare in the lower animals, such as, for instance, the fox (very pronounced, and often quite uncanny), the dog, the horse and the elephant. Some generals possess it in an extraordinary degree; notable examples, Marlborough and Buonaparte, and not a few admirals, prominent amongst them Nelson, who, but for it, would not have won either the Battle of the Nile or the Battle of Trafalgar—in fact, if he had not had this "extra," it is highly probable that he would never have brought his enemy to action at all. Frederic the Great deplored the general lack of this sixth sense when he wrote in *General Principia vom Kriege* (1753): "If we always



Colonel the Hon. Edward Corbally-Stourton, D.S.O., watched the racing with Sir Oliver Lambart's mother, Lady Lambart, and the Duke de Stacpoole. Colonel Corbally-Stourton is an uncle of Lord Mowbray. The Duke is a Duke of the Papal States. He has two seats in Ireland: Tober-tynan, County Meath, and Mount Hazel, County Galway



Captain the Hon. Robert Preston, Sherwood Foresters, escorted his wife, the former Miss Jean Shaw. Captain Preston is the brother of the late Viscount Gormanston, premier Viscount of Ireland, who is officially presumed killed in action in France, 1940



Lieut. Eric Harcourt Wood spent a day's leave with Major and Mrs. Rupert Byass. Mr. Harcourt Wood used to be a well-known follower of the Meath Hounds. Mrs. Byass is the daughter of the late Gen. Sir Arthur Power Palmer; her husband is her presumptive to his brother, Sir Geoffrey Byass, Bt.

In the Members' Enclosure at Baldoyle Races, Dublin

Poole, Dublin



D. R. Stuart

Captain of the Eton XI.

Edwin N. W. Bramall will captain Eton. He played well in the recent match against Winchester, when Eton defeated the Wykehamists for the first time since 1931. Eton have also defeated Marlborough this year.

knew the enemy's intentions beforehand, we should always, even with inferior forces, be superior to him." The king was then possibly speaking mainly of military intelligence—that is to say, general information, both strategical and tactical. Von Clausewitz, a close follower and great admirer of Frederic the Great, said: "Intelligence of the enemy is the basis of all ideas and actions in war."

The Germans and Jeb Stuart

VON DER GOLTZ, a later authority, but an equally great admirer of Frederic the Great, elaborated these learned pronouncements, and what he said was this:

There is no more rational guide to forming one's own decisions than the probable action of the enemy. But it is by no means permissible to subordinate one's own intentions to the action of the enemy, for he who approaches his task with a faint heart confines himself to the defensive. The more robust mind



D. R. Stuart

Officers of a Naval Establishment Somewhere in Scotland

Front row: Cdr. J. W. Caunce, R.N.R., Engr. Cdr. T. Arnold, R.N., a Captain, R.N., Capt. E. O. Broadley, D.S.O., R.N., Cdr. M. B. Alexander-Sinclair, R.N., Cdr. G. St. J. Llewellyn, R.N., Pay Cdr. R. V. T. Orgill, R.N.; second row: Pay Lt. H. H. Palmer, R.N.V.R., Lt.-Cdr. R. Purdie, R.N., 3rd Officer G. H. A. Eadie, W.R.N.S., Lt.-Cdr. W. F. Humpherv, R.N., Cdr. F. P. Frai, R.N.V.R., Pay Cdr. T. R. Essenhigh, R.N.R., Surg. Cdr. J. G. Currie, R.N., 3rd Officer K. N. Lawson, W.R.N.S., Lt.-Cdr. P. G. Guilford, R.N.R., Lt.-Cdr. J. A. MacQueen, D.S.O., R.N.V.R.; third row: Lt. W. Young, R.N.V.R., Lt. J. W. Davis, R.N.V.R., Cdr. Bosun S. H. Joynes, R.N., Tel. Lt. A. C. Greenhill, R.N., Pay Lt. R. P. Toms, R.N.V.R., Lt. N. S. Hind, R.N.V.R., Lt. D. H. Shepherd, D.S.C., R.N., Wt. Writer T. Waller, Pay Lt.-Cdr. F. G. Richards, R.N., Wt. Tel. J. A. Dodds, R.N.V.R., Lt.-Cdr. J. W. Gilroy, R.N., Lt. S. C. K. Bate, R.N.V.R., Pay Lt.-Cdr. R. Whitelaw, R.N.V.R., Cdr. Eng. P. Dods, R.N., Lt. J. W. Morrison, R.N.V.R.; back row: Lt. C. E. Gordon, R.N., Lt. E. Allard, B.E.M., R.N.V.R., Wt. Sy. Officer J. J. Brady, R.N., Pay Lt. J. B. W. Christie, R.N.V.R.

aims at imposing his will upon the enemy by energetic action, and by striking the enemy in his most vulnerable spot. In order to be able to do even that it is essential to ascertain his intentions. Good intelligence confers great superiority. The General then added, "Erst wägen dann wagen." ("First weigh, then venture.")

He was not in favour of venturing before weighing, but he was very insistent upon quality in Intelligence. He would not, for instance, have put his nose through any door unless he was certain beforehand that the man with the razor on the other side of that door had gone out to have one at the local Bierkeller.

He was a great admirer of the methods of Jeb Stuart, the Southern Cavalry General (American Civil War), who had the same ideas, but who never believed in risking more than a

patrol upon the quest for tactical information. He would not have dreamt of risking his main body to find out something which a patrol could do more effectively, and at much less risk.

A Rugger Celebrity

THERE will be many people of the older generation of Rugger players who will have learned with regret of the death of Frank Sellicks on June 27th after a long illness. He passed away painlessly and peacefully after being bed-ridden for many years. When he was up at Oxford he only just missed his Blue: he played for Richmond for many years, and was also a pretty good cricketer. He was for some years the Rugger correspondent of this paper and had been assistant editor of *The Cricketer*.



Cambridge Beat Oxford by 77 Runs at Lord's

J. R. Bridger, who made 75 and was then out l.b.w. off M. J. Hussey, going in to open the Cambridge innings with J. D. Matthews, the captain, who made 68 before being caught by W. J. H. Butterfield off G. E. Dixon. From the first, Bridger and Matthews formed a splendid partnership, batting with a brisk rapidity which delighted the crowd



W.A.A.F. Guard of Honour at Golfer's Wedding

Members of the W.A.A.F. formed a guard of honour at the wedding of Miss Beryl Pockett, of Worthing, and Flying Officer Gordon Green, D.F.C., at Evelme, Oxfordshire. Miss Pockett competed in many of the Girls' Open Golf Championships organised by "The Bystander" in pre-war days. She has played for Sussex for several years, and in 1939 as an international at Portrush

With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

A Man and the War

MR. RICHARD HILLARY'S *The Last Enemy* (Macmillan; 7s. 6d.) is a remarkable piece of literature. It has so many new qualities that I find it hard to describe—or at least to class. It cannot simply be fitted under the heading of "One more good book about the R.A.F." It is true that Mr. Hillary writes about his experiences as a fighter pilot—about his training, his fighting in the Battle of Britain, his being shot down, his rescue from the North Sea by a lifeboat. But, so far, his narrative—I am not, for the moment, discussing its excellence—may be said to be not the only one of its kind. The war, though it has halted a number of pens and silenced a number of type-writers, has already produced, in and outside the Forces, a number of writers who have stories to tell, who have things of immediate and cogent interest to say. And one honours such writers more, not less, in one's feeling that only the war has made them writers at all. We wanted to know what they knew, so they spoke up.

Mr. Hillary's case is different. Every page of *The Last Enemy* shows that he would have been a writer under any circumstances. In peacetime he might have taken longer to mature. In peacetime a man may be said, to a large extent, to make his own experience—i.e., he chooses what he will do and gets the most he can out of the doing of it. A man who is able, cool and ambitious, can (within limits) keep his life in his own hands. And to the born (or the temperamental) writer, this choice of experience is important. He is free to stoke his imagination with the fuel likely to burn best—he can travel, knock about cities, experiment in his relations with people, help himself to discover his own angle by endless reading of other writers, and talk. In fact, the more professional his attitude to his writing, the more apparently dilettante is, often, his attitude to life.

War, for the young writer as for every other young man, makes all this impossible. Experience cannot be chosen: it is imposed. There is no room left for the dilettante attitude. And the man's professionalism must be directed to one thing only—fighting, in one or another way. Outwardly, there is little freedom left. Inwardly, the man must adapt himself to experiences he would, in most cases, never have chosen. He is free to make the adaptation his own way.

The Last Enemy is what I have deliberately called "literature," because it contains not only the outer story of Mr. Hillary's experiences (as an undergraduate, as a pilot in training, as a pilot in action, as a casualty, as a patient in a hospital for plastic surgery), but the inner story of his adaptation to them. He is not one of those who have decided that the best way to get through the war is to bank every individual

feeling down. I have met people who (in most cases with relief) have suspended their sense of identity for the duration, and are content to try to approximate to what they believe to be a general type. For such people, the war was at least a means to by-pass personal problems. But for natures of Mr. Hillary's type, war, though it might shift the area of the personal problem, made it more, rather than less, acute. Not only by profession but by every evidence, he is an individualist. He says boldly (or, rather, quotes himself boldly as saying in conversation) that he went into the war for what he could get out of it—in the way of experience, that is to say.

Master of My Fate

AND that, he shows, remained his position, not only up to, but for some months after his being shot down. He had taken off that morning knowing that his new cockpit hood was defective—it would not slide open along its groove, and the discovery had been made too late to give him time to put this right. He would, therefore, be unable to bale out in a hurry if he had to. He did have to—the 'plane was hit and caught fire. Before fighting clear of it he was very badly burned. He then floated for hours in the sea, without prospect of rescue and unable to drown (as he had come to desire) because he was tangled up in his floating parachute. Blindness set in, and, though sight returned, he was for months under treatment for his burns. He is still, at intervals, under treatment for their effects.



Lenore

Author of "The Last Enemy"

Flight Lieut. Richard Hillary, whose first book (reviewed by Elizabeth Bowen on this page) has been chosen as the Book Society choice for June, was born in Sydney, Australia, in 1919. Educated at Shrewsbury and Trinity, Oxford, he was a member of the Oxford R.A.F.V.R. when war broke out. Shot down in the Battle of Britain and terribly burned, his book tells of his experiences from September 1939 to the spring of 1941.

So much, materially speaking, for what he had got out of the war. But what else? The agony of the minutes in the burning 'plane and the hours in the glaring sea had been the culmination of his fight against fear. During

the months in hospital he had to fight pain and the realisation of the extent of his injuries. For such fights he must have needed all he had got, and he drew on the innate stubbornness of his temperament. His stubbornness, on which he relied, increased, and he re-entered the world as a convalescent with his intransigence not by a whit less. He had showed the might of the individualist's courage, and as an individualist did not lower his flag. He continued, on his re-entry into the world, to show (at least by his own account) the individualist's defects—resistance to other people's emotion, suspicion of any mass idea, irritation at the idea of sacrifice. His friends, with whom he had argued in the Oxford and Air Force days, had by now all been killed: virtually, his own generation were gone. There remained one Oxford contemporary, who had been a pacifist and was now in a crisis of inner trouble, and Denise, who had been the fiancée of his greatest (though at times his most puzzling, challenging) friend.

Mr. Hillary's conversations with these two people, and the combative attitude they brought out in him, show the crux of his attitude in the second half of *The Last Enemy*. Only in the last chapter of all does an incident break this

(Concluded on page 56)

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

By Richard King

AS one grows older, one revises one's scale of sins. The old list, upon which my generation was brought up, still holds sway in Church and Law, but, if I had to live with the Seven Deadly Iniquities, or many of those not included in that list, but which experience shows me to be infinitely more deadly, I should instantly choose the "unsanctified" ones.

I could live quite comfortably next door to the man who coveted his neighbour's wife or his ass, but only death can in these days save me from the neighbour who seems only living when he is quarrelling at the top of his voice with everything that is his. I could still enjoy the smallest happiness though surrounded on all sides by sinners living in adultery, but I should be perpetually infuriated if their tongues were incessantly rolling out the pettiest of lies, the idlest of slanders. I would sooner share a semi-detached house with one who had committed an isolated murder than endure the wireless-fiend who loved to listen to the entire daily programme in the open air, or with the window wide open.

If he were gentle and kindly in his neighbourly dealings, I would far sooner share a crust of bread with an atheist than endure the cold-shouldering condemnation of the arrant churchgoer who considers I am the devil's disciple because I never go to church. I consider a road-hog far more morally lost than a petty thief. The utterly selfish, the arrogant, the hard-hearted, the busybody, the

profiteer, the callous and the cruel, the lazy and the slovenly, far more worthy

of a warm hereafter than most of those whom the law and religion consign to punishment for ever.

Experience has taught me to ask of people only that they be pleasant, or interesting, or amusing, and always understanding and kindly towards others in their everyday life, and I care not very much how many of the deadly sins they have played with, either in act or fancy. Their very private lives are their very own affair. Their good manners are mine.

After all, if, metaphorically speaking, all our blinds were up all the time, the angels would rarely cease from rubbing their eyes to clear the incredible vision. The trouble with the self-professed good is that, declaring that "God understands," they are convinced also they understand God. The world would be so much nicer to live in if the majority of people thought less about the next world and made the actual one a replica of their dream.

In spite of what the very, very religious declare, the modern world has made bigger strides in real Christianity during the last twenty years than ever it did when the Victorians lived in the happy certainty of knowing right from wrong. A garden city is to me a far lovelier sight than a new church. And sick benefits and old-age pensions nearer to godliness than a tract. Oddy-upon-Wem consequently considers me to be beyond redemption. Well, perhaps I am! But that, too, is my own affair.

Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review of Weddings



Debenham — Godber

Flight Lieut. A. I. S. Debenham, only son of the late A. Debenham and Mrs. Debenham, of St. Leonards, Ingatestone, and Daphne Joan Godber, younger daughter of Sir Frederick and Lady Godber, of 1, Cornwall Terrace, N.W., were married at St. George's, Hanover Square



Humphreys — Murray-Wood

Captain Ian E. Humphreys, R.A., son of Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Humphreys, of Hill House, Farningham, Kent, married Maureen Elizabeth Murray-Wood, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. Murray-Wood, of Beacon House, Green Street Green, Kent, at Farningham Parish Church



Homan — Tudge

Lieut. Derek Douglas Homan, Welsh Guards, younger son of the late L. E. B. Homan and Mrs. Homan, and Heather Mary Tudge, younger daughter of Dr. and Mrs. C. C. Tudge, of Chipstead, Surrey, were married at the Savoy Chapel



Beacon — Haigh

Flight Lieut. Havelock Beacon, only son of Mr. and Mrs. H. Beacon, of Shrivensham House, Wilts., married Joan Anne Haigh, younger daughter of the late William Haigh, and Mrs. Lachmann, of Lower Keybroyde Hall, Halifax, at St. Saviour's, Walton Street



Hoston — Wheel

Flight Lieut. E. K. Hoston, R.A.F., youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Hoston, of Hampton Lane, Solihull, and Joan Wheel, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. W. Wheel, of Park Avenue, Solihull, were married at Solihull Parish Church, Warwickshire



Emerson — Acland

Flying Officer Roderick Stanley Emerson, R.A.F.V.R., son of Mr. and Mrs. George Emerson of la Ema, General Villegas, Buenos Aires, married Gwyneth Sybil Acland, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Dyke Acland, of Hampstead, at St. Mark's, North Audley Street



Johnson — Maddock

Vernon George Johnson, son of Mr. and Mrs. George Johnson, of Ashford, Middlesex, married Sheila Maddock at Trentham Church, Staffordshire. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alec Maddock, of Trentham



Liddell — Russell

Captain David O. Liddell, Scottish Rifles, son of Mr. and Mrs. P. Liddell, of Mountain House, Chepstow, married Felicia Joan Russell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. Russell, of Branksome Park, Bournemouth, at St. Andrew's Church, Kinson



Elliot — Prestige

George Patterson Elliot, youngest son of Sir George and Lady Elliot, of Auckland, New Zealand, married Eileen Mary Prestige, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Prestige, of Whitehall Court, S.W., and Cooden, Sussex, at the Savoy Chapel

ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 41)

and Bellingham played guitars; Guardsman Hibbard was at the piano; Gunner Uppingham mastered a double bass; Gunner Jones was at the drums; Gunner Miller, accordion, and Guardsman Talbot was a real magician with a trumpet.

For a Hospital

THE Matron and staff of Lytham Hospital held an American tea and bring-and-buy sale in the hospital grounds in aid of hospital funds and of the new Blackpool and district branch of the Royal College of Nursing. The stalls were emptied during the busy afternoon. Lady Edge made an opening speech, and praised the work of the Matron and staff, to which she could testify from personal knowledge.

People could go round the hospital, and £146 gross was raised, including £20 raised by the nurses.

Revue for Charity

AT the Mercury Theatre, Notting Hill Gate, Mr. Paul Gibson presented a revue called *Nautical Nights*, in aid of the Flag Day for Seamen, Alexandra Rose Day, the Order of St. John of Jerusalem and the Edenham Youth Club.

Mrs. Leslie Morshead and Mrs. John Eden represented the Alexandra Rose organisation, and the audience included Mrs. Read Davies, Lady Lyall, Commander Dufec, of the American Navy, Mr. J. H. Young, Mrs. R. C. Jenkins, Mayoress of Kensington, Mr. John Corfield, who produced, Mr. Michael Whittaker, and quite a show of U.S. uniforms.

The performers included Rafiq Anwar, Molly Hamley Clifford, Consuelo Carmona and Eve Maxwell Lyte.

Popular Places

MANETTA, a restaurant in Clarges Street, opened three months ago. It is now a popular meeting place, partly due to its comparatively reasonable prices. Major Gwilym Lloyd George discovered it the other day; Mr. Kenneth Lindsay often goes there, and Eric Baume was dining out and cleverly caricaturing people on bits of paper. He is one of Australia's most capable journalists and has just written his second book, *I Lived Another Year*, since he came here in 1940.

The Etoile, Charlotte Street, is as popular as ever for lunch. Miss Clarissa Churchill, with her long "Veronica Lake" hair, is often to be seen there. The resemblance between her and Miss Gay Margeson, who also has long golden hair, is so striking that a photographer, snapping them at a garden-party recently, mistook Miss Churchill for her and the photograph was wrongly captioned, for which we owe an apology. A photograph of Miss Churchill at the first night of Lord Berners's comedy at the Oxford Playhouse appears below.

Out and About

THE other night I saw Major Tattersall dining with a very pretty girl in M.T.C. uniform. Major Tattersall, known better as "Bunny" Tattersall, is back in khaki. He lost a leg in the last war, but this has not stopped him being a cricketer of some standing between the two wars. At lunch-time I met Miss Kay Hammond, hatless, rushing to join some friends; Major Charles Taylor, M.P., talking to Mrs. Daphne Phillips, the Hon. Sheila Digby with Mrs. Edward Paget. Miss Digby often goes about hatless as does her sister, the Hon. Mrs. Randolph Churchill, who has lovely red hair.



Johnson, Oxford

Lord Berners's Comedy at the Oxford Playhouse

"The Furies" was written by Lord Berners especially for the Oxford Repertory Players. It received a great ovation, each member of the cast being presented with a sheaf of flowers. In responding to the calls for "Author," Lord Berners paid tribute to the producer, Mr. Peter Ashmore (who produced the play with less than a week's rehearsals), and the company, who had played with such success. Lord Berners was photographed in the foyer with Miss Clarissa Churchill (right) and the Hon. Mrs. Frank Pakenham

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 54)

attitude down. The remark of a woman dying in an air raid brings about a convulsion in the spirit that had withstood so much. Or, rather than convulsion, should one say overflow, a bursting of the dams? The result, in Mr. Hillary, was a profound change. The change had already been prophesied by friends who had cared for him and had known him well. He now recognised that it had been due to come. He implies that the change has been permanent; the book closes on his acceptance of it.

The Last Enemy, though events and action here figure largely, is a self-portrait. As a self-portrait, it has been executed with a detachment and lack of sentiment so rare that they cannot be admired enough. Some of his detachment may be due to the fact that he writes about himself retrospectively; he writes of the man that *was* (before the change in the air raid), not of the man that *is*. And, as I said at the start, he *writes*. He gives a first-rate objective picture of a generation (his own), a group inside that generation (his friends at Oxford) and of friends made through war circumstances (in the Air Force). He is up to, and passes, many mature novelists in his feeling for and treatment of dialogue. His descriptions are brief and telling. His accounts of the psychology either of a period of time (the immediately pre-war years at Oxford or on the Continent) or of a group of people show remarkable insight. Occasionally he does lapse into the use of a conventional epithet or the acceptance of a conventional thought. Such lapses (which I should trace to momentary boredom) ought to have been avoided. All the same, they serve to show up, by contrast, the penetration and vigour of the rest of his work.

A Home from Home

MISS MARY TREVELYAN, as Warden since 1932 of the Student Movement House in London, has matter of the first interest, and treats it well. Since the House first opened its doors as a students' club, hundreds of young men and women, the majority foreign, have passed within range of her observation, and obviously (though she refuses to stress this) into the area of her sympathy and her help. They were all prepared (in their different ways) to be friendly; they were most of them at once homesick and puzzled; many of them could have been derelict. As a record of ten years of international club life, as well as a gallery of most varied portraits, *From the Ends of the Earth* (Faber and Faber; 7s. 6d.) has been well named. It might have been subtitled "Where Are They Now?"—and yet perhaps this would not have been apposite, for Miss Trevelyan writes of all these young people as being so much *present* (in memory) that one can hardly realise they have gone away.

French, Germans, Italians, Abyssinians, Indians, Spaniards, Chinese, Japanese, Scandinavians, Africans—they are now, in the physical sense, scattered; some are known to be dead; too many are hidden behind the clouds of war. Yet one feels that between all these habitués of "the House" there must remain a deep and powerful link—of good days shared, of understanding gained through casual contacts in the unforced, uncritical atmosphere of "the House." The dedication of "the House," in 1918, to students who fell in the last war, in order that through its work for international students the peace that those others died for might be preserved, is not so ironic as it might now appear. Reading *From the Ends of the Earth*, one gets the impression that, though war may suspend friendships, it cannot undo them. Thanks to the work of the Student Movement, we shall find foundations on which to build a more lasting peace.

The original "House," in Russell Square, with its sweeping staircase, big, airy rooms, mirrors and painted ceilings, was one of those that fell victim to the peacetime housebreaker, not to the wartime bomb. So life shifted to temporary quarters in Gower Street. More space will no doubt be needed after the war. . . . Miss Trevelyan's pen touches the root of many vital problems connected with the life of young foreign students in London—and of the coloured students especially. The sometimes funny, sometimes tragic, stories she tells are more effective than any amount of theorising. She has been Warden during difficult years, when world tension had already begun to mount. Between these adolescents of all races, "situations" did sometimes threaten. There was a demand, all the time, for something more spiritual and more deeply kindly than tact. Miss Trevelyan's sympathy with the students has been added to by knowing many of them in their homes. Taking a year's leave from her duties, she travelled in India, Ceylon, Burma, China, Japan. On the problems of "The England Returned Man"—the English-educated Indian returning to take up life again in his own country—she writes particularly interestingly. As a help to much understanding that we shall need, I recommend you to read *From the Ends of the Earth*.

No Luck

IN *The Unfortunate Murderer* (Crime Club; 7s. 6d.) there are characters (including the victim) who get bad deals that some do, and others do not, deserve. Since Mr. Richard Hull wrote *Murder of My Aunt* (which must not be confused with Mr. C. B. Kitchin's *Death of My Aunt*), I have had the highest regard for him as a master of comedy, character and the exact scene. In this detective novel, everything happens in Eastry, the gossipy, bleak and forbidding small Welsh border town where the (American) Anglo-British Company has placed its, in wartime, very important works. Young Mrs. Trench, who is silly and always hungry, and Miss Whittaker, who affects to be more American than she is, are two well-drawn females. And the grouchy male cast are touched in with a knowing pen.

BURBERRY EQUIPMENT

BURBERRY
COPYRIGHT

There is a definable expression of comfort and smartness in Burberry tailored equipment for officers of the women's auxiliary forces. They indicate a consistency of craftsmanship, individuality of exactness, a product of durability—with complete healthful freedom of action in all weathers. Burberry A.T.S. Weatherproofs, Greatcoats and Uniforms. In best quality materials, skilfully tailored, they are the embodiment of martial clothes perfection and weather security in any climate.

FULL DETAILS—Send for full particulars and prices—and please mention the Service in which you are interested.

Telegrams: Burberry, Lesquare, London
Telephone: WHItchall 3343.

BURBERRYS LTD. HAYMARKET LONDON SW1

Branches at Aldershot, Basingstoke, Shrivenham, Llandrindod Wells



Quality Tells

Sanderson's
LUXURY BLEND SCOTCH WHISKY

WM. SANDERSON & SON LTD., LEITH

THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION

BY M. E. BROOKE



Good beauty preparations are not a luxury but a necessity; nevertheless, Elizabeth Arden declares they must be used with the utmost care. She has compiled a resumé of hints that she will gladly send to all who write to her at her London salons, 25, Old Bond Street. They are most helpful, and it is no exaggeration to state that the preparations needed to carry out these instructions are reduced to a minimum. Illustrated above is the "patter": it has a very beneficial effect on the skin in general, and only a small quantity of cream is needed. Economy may be practised where powder is concerned—never shake a puff out. Naturally, a Cleansing Cream and Skin Food are essential, and everyone who values their eyes must use the Ardena Special Eye Lotion, as the good work it performs cannot be over-estimated. This lotion has received the applause of men and women all the world over. Neither must Skin Tonic be overlooked, especially with summer ahead



RIBBON AND STRAW



LACE AND STRAW



BLACK AND WHITE



HAM FRILL

Finnigans, New Bond Street, have contributed the quartette of hats pictured on this page, and, as will be seen, they are admirable exponents of the charms of simplicity. Another point in their favour is that the trimming may be varied from time to time. In these salons are displayed headgear suitable for wearing with tailored suits, the majority of which are provided with brims which, in addition to casting becoming shadows across the face, are decidedly flattering. Again there are felt hats which can be rolled up into quite a small space, and on which showers have no deleterious effect. They are available in an infinite variety of colours and shapes; at the time of writing they have not even a bowing acquaintance with coupons



NICOLL UNIFORMS

at your command

Nicoll Uniforms are available in all sizes and fittings for immediate wear.

THERE ARE NICOLL AGENTS
EVERYWHERE



MIDDLESEX HOUSE,
CLEVELAND ST., LONDON, W.1

In the West End:

NICOLLS of Regent St.
H. J. Nicoll & Co., Ltd. 'Phone: Reg. 1951



SO COOL AND FRESH!

Step-in dress in rayon linen. Available in gold, sky, navy or ivory. Hip sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42.

Sportswear . . . 1st Floor

(7 Coupons) **7½ GNS.**

**Harvey Nichols
of Knightsbridge**

London, S.W.1

SLOane 3440

molho

SALE

OF

**MODEL
HATS**

~~6 GNS~~ 69/-
~~4 GNS~~ 45/-
~~2 GNS~~ 21/-

HAT SHOP

Adjoining
Fur Salon

molho
WELBECK 5891

5, DUKE STREET
MANCHESTER SQUARE, LONDON, W.1

One of Ours

ARTISTS and musicians have always been the Aunt Sallies of England. They are looked on as grotesque dummies and at any time the prize of a public guffaw may be obtained by registering a direct hit upon them. Since bolshevism became respectable and was received into the best circles (and in as much as the word—so I am told by a delver into such mysteries—means "majority" it has the highest claims to respectability) artists and musicians have been subjected to an added weight of communal contempt.

There is the feeling now—and it is ministered to by the mistaken antics of ministers—that all those who are not driving tanks, piloting aeroplanes, serving in ships or working on material munitions are of no value to the war effort. All others are taught to look on their activities as so much futile fiddling about. It is damaging that such an impression should spread, for it is untrue.

Examples of the way in which artists and musicians ought to be used and their work accepted as an important and essential part of the war effort come from two countries that are going to teach us and the world a great many more lessons yet on how to fight a modern, mechanical war; the United States of America and Soviet Russia.

The United States Army has arranged for Walt Disney to produce aircraft identification films. Those who know the work of Walt Disney and who also know something of the problems of aircraft identification will agree that the probability is that the Disney identification films will provide more vivid and memorable instruction than anything previously done.

In Britain aircraft identification has been left to the unco-ordinated devices of numerous enthusiastic amateurs. Identification charts and books multiply. Silhouettes sprout like weeds and in almost as great variety. The eternal problem of whether it is one of ours or one of theirs is soluble only to a select hierarchy. Disney will de-bunk the process of aircraft recognition and make it easier and more interesting. He will show also how an artist in film creation can play an important part in aeronautical training.

Symphony

THE example provided us by the Soviet Union is the symphony of Dmitri Shostakovich which was per-

AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

formed for the first time in England towards the end of June. The parts of this were specially flown to England.

If there are any musical composers in England I am sure that all governmental and local authority and other official effort is directed at making them feel what completely useless people they are and at reminding them that they ought to turn from amusing themselves with full scores to preparing or filling in forms, or to minding machines.

Not so the Russians, who see that a harmony of purpose must be attained if a country is really to throw its whole weight into war and that such a harmony is impossible without the full collaboration of artists and musicians.

We have, I believe, used painters to some extent and they have been allowed a fair amount of scope. But we reject all idea that there are any other kinds of artist worthy of note. In the lists of "reserved occupations" that used to be issued the quaintest and strangest occupations were to be found; but the mere suggestion that there is such a profession as that of musician was ignored. Mr. Bevin does not appear to be aesthetically inclined.

It is because I believe that the artists and musicians play an important part in tuning up the nation that I disapprove of the questions about Royal Air Force musicians that have been asked in Parliament.

The intention of the questioners was good. They wanted to make sure that the taxpayer was not paying for the "amusement" of the troops and that these Royal Air Force bands and orchestras were not given too much official encouragement or too great freedom of action. But in fact artists and musicians ought to be given encouragement. They ought to be given opportunities to continue and to extend their work. They ought to be asked to look upon it as being as much part of the national war effort as the firing of a rifle at the enemy.

The Royal Air Force does not get much entertainment. The fact that many of its members live on aerodromes which are remote from towns and that travelling is difficult add to the austerity of their lives. There should be greater efforts to place at their disposal the refreshments provided by the artists and musicians.

"Fighter-Bombers"

IN 1914-18 that curious compromise, the "fighter-bomber" made its appearance in obedience to the compulsion of events. Now the same aircraft has appeared in this war and the operations in Libya up to the time of the fall of Tobruk and the movement of Field Marshal Rommel's forces towards the Egyptian frontier, demanded considerable efforts from this type of machine.

Wonderful feats were done by our pilots in using these "fighter-bombers" and the attacks they made and the successes they had would make a book by themselves—and a book full of interest.

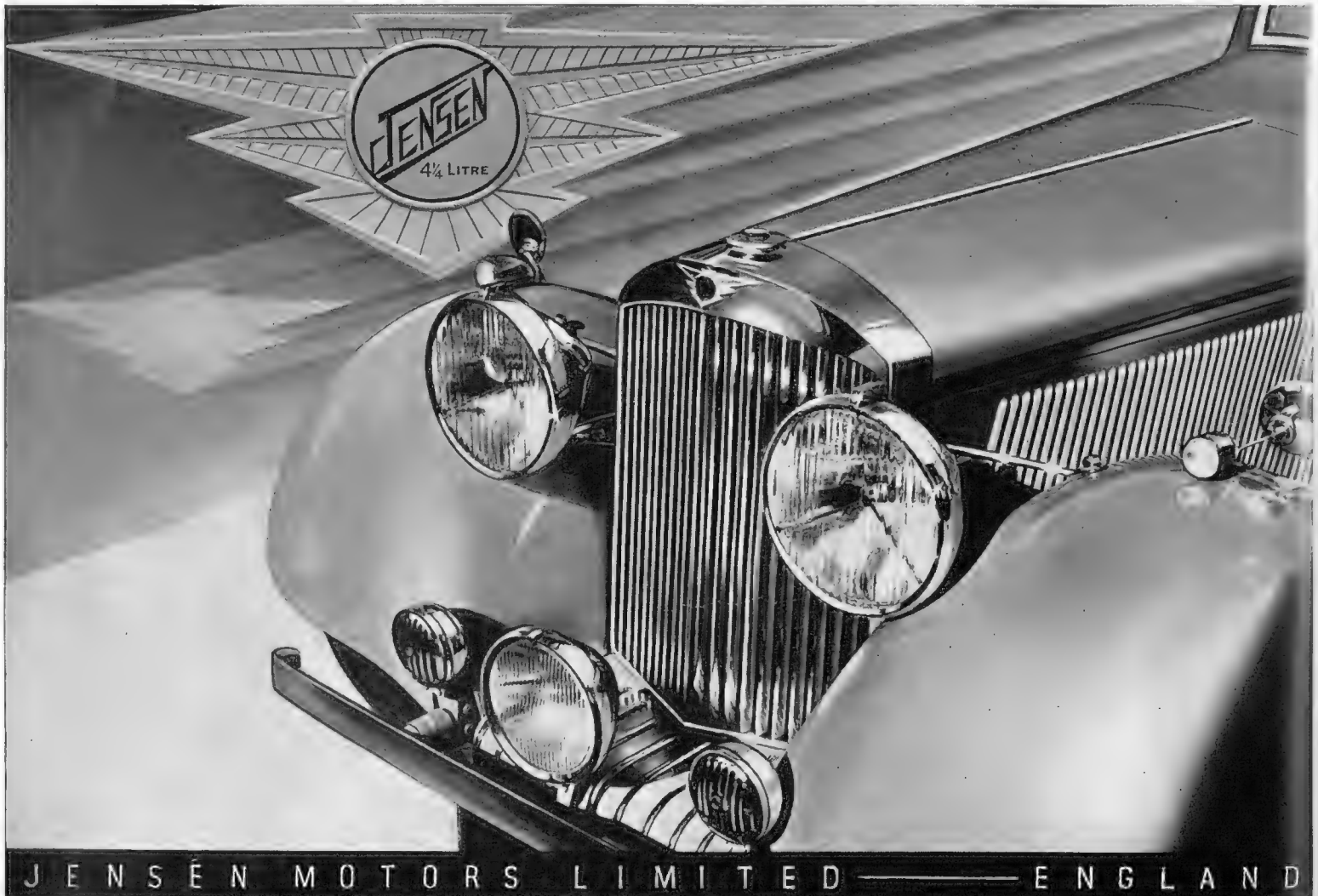
They had to face extremely heavy anti-aircraft fire from the German convoys which they attacked and they also had to consider the Messerschmitt 109s that were being used by the enemy in considerable numbers.

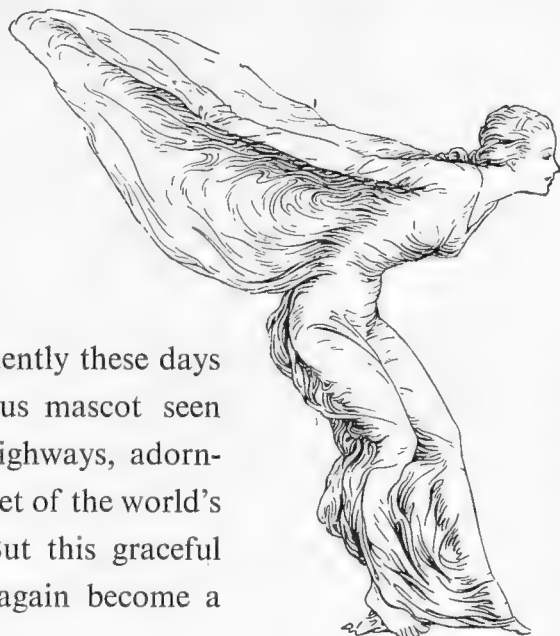
But we have to remember that the "fighter-bomber" is a compromise aircraft and that it cannot—by its very nature—be as good a fighter as a fighter, or as good a bomber as a bomber.

That is a central fact that we ought not to lose sight of even when we admire the amazing achievements of the officers and airmen under the command of Air Vice-Marshal Coningham.

Specialised aircraft are disliked by the production engineers, but liked by the operating personnel. The fighter pilot would rather fight in a specialised machine, designed solely and simply for fighting. And in the same way a low-level bomber could be produced which would do the essential job of low-level bombing better than is possible with an adapted fighter—and that no matter how ingenious the adaptation or how good in itself the fighter may be.

Libya does seem to me to suggest that a study is worth while of specialist types of low-level bomber, including of course the much boosted, much damned, dive bomber.





Not so frequently these days is this famous mascot seen along our highways, adorning the bonnet of the world's best car. But this graceful figure will again become a

familiar sight, and in due time will symbolise a post-war Rolls-Royce still further perfected by research and development during the intervening years.

ROLLS-ROYCE

The Best Car in the World

ROLLS-ROYCE LTD., 14-15 CONDUIT ST., LONDON, W.1 Telephone : MAY 6201

From AUSTINS
to AUSTIN owners



SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST . . .

Gone for the duration are the "fair-weather" days of motoring—and many of the "fair-weather" cars too. With motoring confined to war work and essential journeys, there's not much chance to pick and choose road and weather conditions. A car needs to be sturdy

to survive—as sturdy as an Austin. Today Austin dependability enables thousands of Austins to carry on, day in day out, playing their part in the war effort. If *your* Austin is one of them, give it the care it deserves. Remember, a little attention now and then means a lot—even to an Austin.

Aren't you GLAD you invested in an AUSTIN

Read the Austin Magazine—it contains useful tips—4d monthly from your newsagent

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

Stories from Everywhere

THE chorus girl was telling the other girls in the dressing-room all about her birthday party.

"You should have seen the cake," she told her companions. "It was marvellous. There were seventeen candles on it—one for each year."

There was a disbelieving silence for a moment or two, then her best friend smiled.

"Seventeen candles, eh?" she purred. "What did you do—burn them at both ends?"

AT a local first-aid class, the question of fainting came up. The instructor explained to the class that the cause of fainting was primarily a fault of circulation and that it could be prevented by getting the head lower than the heart.

"For instance," he said, "if you feel faint, and don't want to call attention to it, just lean down and tie your shoe lace over again."

A woman in front asked:

"What sort of knot is used?"

A GROCER had difficulty with a doctor who was backward in paying his bills, so he put the matter in the hands of a collector. The man returned looking worried.

"What's the matter?" asked the grocer. "What did the doctor say?"

"Well," replied the collector, "he said I wasn't looking well, examined my tongue, and advised me to remain indoors for a few weeks."

TWO Canadian soldiers stopped a Civil Servant in London. They pointed to an impressive building and asked what it was. They were told that it was the Ministry of Information.

"I thought the Ministry must be about that size," said one, "to store up all the information they never give away."

LITTLE Betty was frequently sent home from school for forgetting to bring written excuses for lateness or absence from classes. One day she was sent home to bring an important document—the birth certificate of her little brother John, who was just starting school. Her mother cautioned her to take great care of the document.

Betty arrived at school, crying bitterly.

"What's the matter now?" asked her teacher.

"I've lost John's excuse for being born!" she cried.

FOR the fiftieth time the two rather careful boxers had fallen into a clinch.

"Turn out the lights!" shouted a voice from the gallery.

"Them two lovin' 'earts want to be alone!"

"Leave the lights alone!" shouted another voice.

"I want to read!"

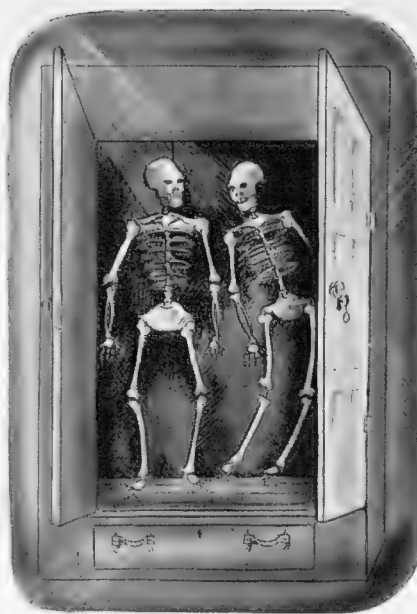
THE landlord of the local inn, famous for its very strong brew, was awakened one midnight by a loud knocking on the front door.

Putting his head out of the window, he shouted:

"Go away; you can't have anything to drink at this hour."

"I don't want anything to drink," was the response.

"I left here at closing time without my crutches."



"If we had any guts,
we'd get out of here"

A RESIDENT of Berlin's West End was interviewing an applicant for a post in his household.

"Well," he said, "your reference seems quite satisfactory. I think you will do. Now, about wages: I offer forty marks a month."

"I want seventy marks," said the girl.

"As you seem to suit me exceptionally well, I'll make it fifty."

"All right; fifty marks wages . . . and I shall want ten marks a month for not informing the Gestapo that you get food on the Black Market, and ten for keeping quiet about listening to the English radio."

"How dare you insult me!" exclaimed the prospective employer. "Never in my life have I dealt on the Black Market, or listened to London."

"What!" said the girl. "No food and no news in the house! You can keep your job. Good-day!"

AN Aberdonian in straitened circumstances approached a friend with a request for a loan of ten pounds. "I'm sorry, I can't," replied his friend, "for you see there's little chance of you ever repaying it."

"That's true enough," replied the Aberdonian, "but it wad aye be something tae speak aboot when we met!"

Paper is Needed for Munitions of War.

Please Don't Waste It!


* winning the war of freedom

Women's tasks today leave no room for disabilities. The active non-stop life of the war-worker demands freedom of action never before known. In this Tampax—sanitary protection worn internally—is woman's best ally. Today it is used by thousands of workers in every field of service.

PRICES 7d. & 1/9. Sold by **BOOTS, TIMOTHY WHITES & TAYLORS**, and other chemists, departmental stores, drapers, **WOOLWORTHS, MARKS & SPENCER LTD.** and **THE N.A.A.F.**

For further information regarding Tampax please write to The Nurse, Tampax Ltd., Belvue Rd., Northolt, Mx.

TAMPAX
Worn Internally

Dance
TO THE
HATCHETT'S
RESTAURANT PICCADILLY
★ *Swingtet* ★
featuring **STEPHANE GRAPPELLE**
Dancing from
PRIVATE AIR RAID SHELTER  8.30 p.m. to Morning
TELEPHONE REGENT 6217


The symbol of
Guaranteed Quality

OBTAINABLE FROM ALL LEADING MILLINERS

*Expertly
Tailored
in
Wool*
**HOLYROOD
KNITWEAR**
by
MURDOCH & CO
73 MITCHELL ST. GLASGOW C.I.

The fact that goods made of raw materials, in short supply owing to war conditions, are advertised in this paper should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export



**This is
the Gin**

**22/6
per bottle
½-bottle 11/9**

Also
GORDON'S ORANGE AND LEMON GINS
Bottles 22/6
GORDON'S SHAKER COCKTAILS
Bottles 16/6
These prices apply to Gt. Britain and N. Ireland

**The Gin with
world reputation**

**Gordon's
Stands Supreme**

TANQUERAY GORDON & CO. LTD.
GIN DISTILLERS, LONDON

The largest gin distillers in the world

*All over the
country we are
ready to supply*
UNIFORMS



*Just a part
of the*
AUSTIN REED *service*

103-113 REGENT STREET, W.1 • 77 CHEAPSIDE, E.C.2

Bath, Belfast, Birmingham, Bournemouth, Bristol, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Harrogate, Hull, Leeds, Liverpool, Manchester, Norwich, Nottingham, Oxford, Sheffield, Southampton. Also at Aldershot, Amesbury, Barmouth, Bothwell, Coventry, Dunbar, Grantham, Hove, Llandrindod Wells, Llandudno, Plymouth, Richmond, (Yorks), Shrivvenham. London Telephone: Regent 6789.



*Why is she so lovely—
so young-looking—
so different?*

Because she buys CRÈME SIMON products for her beauty care, even if she does have to search for them. Why envy her—when you can make your own skin so 'different' too?

**CRÈME
SIMON**

From Chemists, Hairdressers & Stores
CRÈME SIMON — CRÈME SIMON M.A.T
POUDRE SIMON
La Nouvelle POUDRE SIMON

**MIX THE CHILDREN'S HORLICKS WITH
WATER ONLY—THE MILK IS ALREADY IN IT**

Mothers who keep Horlicks for their children, because of its energy-giving and body-building value, find it a comfort to know that this delicious drink makes no demands on the milk supply.

The correct way to make Horlicks is, and always has been, to mix it with water only. The milk is already in it. Mixed with water only, Horlicks is a complete food-drink for children.

We ask you to be patient when you cannot get Horlicks. Reduced supplies are being distributed as evenly and fairly as possible.

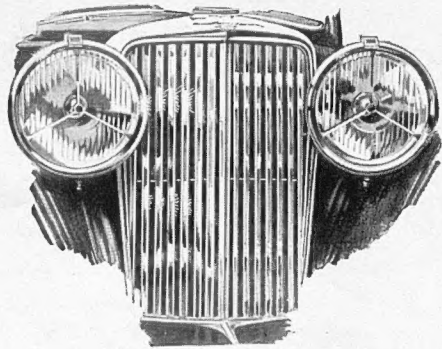
You need not hang up the ivy-branch over the wine that will sell, wrote Publus Syrus . . . Why then do we continue to hang up the ivy-branch? To apologise because we cannot make all the Kia-Ora you want; to assure you that what you do get is unexcelled.



Lemon • Orange • Grapefruit
Lime Juice Cordial 2/6

Orange Barley, Lemon Barley 2/3

Jaguar Cars



"As you consider 48,000 miles since 1936 of some value to you, my 2½ litre Jaguar, purchased in May, 1937, has done 73,000 miles with no serious trouble, and with only decarbonising three times. Even on Pool petrol, the car will do 85 m.p.h., with three passengers. Petrol consumption is 19½/20 m.p.g., and oil well over 1,000 m.p.g."

January, 1942 From Mr. J. A. Thornton, M.I.C.E., M.I.M.E. Brigbouse



S.S. CARS LIMITED, COVENTRY

1742—1942

WHITBREAD

& CO. LTD.

*Brewers
of ale and stout
for two centuries*

TRADE MARK

THE HOUSE OF SEAGER

There's no individual to 'blame' for the shortage of Seager's Products—"there's a war on"—and disappointment is inevitable.

But the fewer the blessings, the more we must be thankful for such as there are, making the most of them with patriotic cheerfulness.

SEAGERS

prices:-

GIN	-	-	22/6
EGG FLIP	-	-	13/6
COCKTAILS	SUPER	12/6	
FULL STRENGTH	11/6		
SEGAVIN	-	-	10/6

Supplied to the public through the Retail Trade ONLY.

ESTABLISHED IN 1803

Distillers of Fine Gin for over 135 years

★ OPEN AS USUAL

THE NEW Queens

BRASSERIE

FULLY LICENSED FOR LUNCHEONS AND DINNERS

Dancing to Java and his Orchestra

NEXT THE EMPIRE, LEICESTER SQUARE.

THE ROYAL OBSERVER CORPS

As keen as

"ECLIPSE"

SUPER RAZOR BLADE

3d. each including Purchase Tax

"Eclipse" Blades are now made only in the popular slotted pattern, and though scarcer than usual, they are still obtainable by those on the lookout for clean and comfortable shaving.

Obtainable only from Retailers
JAMES NEILL & CO. (SHEFFIELD) LTD.

KNOWN FOR 25 YEARS AS SPETON

GYNOMIN

ANTISEPTIC TABLETS

ENDORSED BY MEDICAL PROFESSION

British made and owned exclusively by Coates & Cooper Ltd., Northwood, Middlesex.

Free on request in plain sealed envelope, Brochure T.22—

"planned Parenthood."

OF ALL LEADING CHEMISTS

"Only a Wetherdair is good enough for me."



WET.. WETHER

WETHERDAIR

A Classic Weather Coat for Ladies and Gentlemen

Like most things these days, Wetherdairs are in short supply and it may mean that you will have to go out of your district to obtain one. If you do, it will be worth the trouble.

Wetherdair Ltd, Bradford and London

WET.. WETHER.. WETHERDAIR

THE SERVICE THAT INSPIRES CONFIDENCE



The ever-increasing Naval clientele enjoyed by Hector Powe reflects the utter confidence that can be placed in the Hector Powe Service. This has been brought about by the Hector Powe Policy of using only the finest materials, observing strictly all details demanded by Regulations, and fixing prices so that all the essentials of a complete outfit shall come well within the Official Grant. Hector Powe insists upon giving complete satisfaction to every one of his clients.

Officers' Uniform by...

HECTOR POWE
LTD.

Naval, Military and R.A.F. Tailor and Outfitter
165 REGENT STREET, LONDON. W.1

COMPLETE TROPICAL KIT
SUPPLIED FOR ALL SERVICES

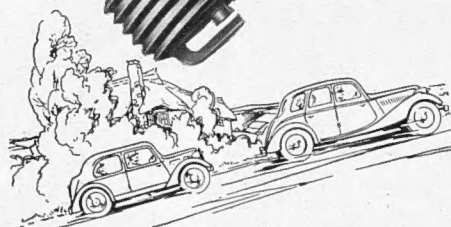
Also at: Hove, Liverpool, Bournemouth, Belfast, Plymouth, Glasgow, Bristol, Manchester, Birmingham, Edinburgh, Newcastle, etc.

Champion Plugs save your petrol



WITH THE FAMOUS
SILLMENT SEAL

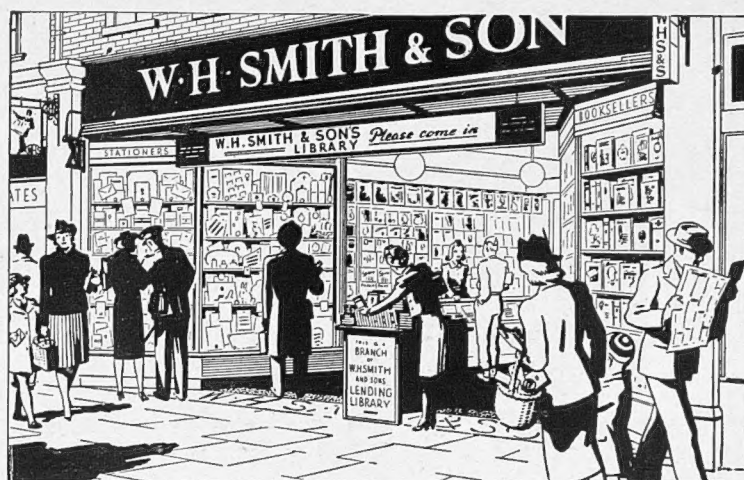
With petrol prices on the up-and-up, your Champion Plugs are truer money-savers than ever if you keep them clean and regularly tested. Their strong hot spark means full combustion and fuel-saving, to say nothing of new liveliness for even 'pensionable' cars.



A unique feature of Champion Plugs, which raises their efficiency above all others, is the highly scientific Sillment Seal. Sillment is a dry powder which when compressed forms a perfect seal against troublesome leakage common to ordinary plugs.

More Vital, more Dependable than ever

CHAMPION SPARKING PLUG COMPANY LIMITED



It's hard, after 150 years of delivery service, to have to ask customers to fetch their own newspapers, but that is what it is coming to in many districts where staff shortage* is making house to house delivery impossible. In some cases we are able to meet customers half way by leaving the papers for a group of neighbours at a central point for individual collection. Sometimes we can only have the papers ready for collection at the shop or bookstall, in which case customers usually arrange a rota. But for even a small group, say a dozen households, this means no more than two before-breakfast trips a month. Need we say to those of our customers affected that we are sorry for the inconvenience? We certainly want to say thank you to them for the friendly co-operation they are showing.



* More than 3,000 W.H.S. employees are now serving with the Forces.

W.H. SMITH & SON, Ltd. Head Office: STRAND HOUSE, LONDON. W.C. 2

VAPEX
WILL STOP
THAT GOLD

From your Chemist, 2/3 and 3/4.
THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD.
A DROP ON YOUR HANDKERCHIEF

**HAPPY
SNAPSHOTS**

Will R Rose

for the finest
developing and
MAGNA PRINTS (Regd)

23 Bridge St. Row, Chester

THE GREAT PROTECTOR



Oliver Cromwell

Good shoes deserve
PURITAN LEATHER SOLES
—others need them